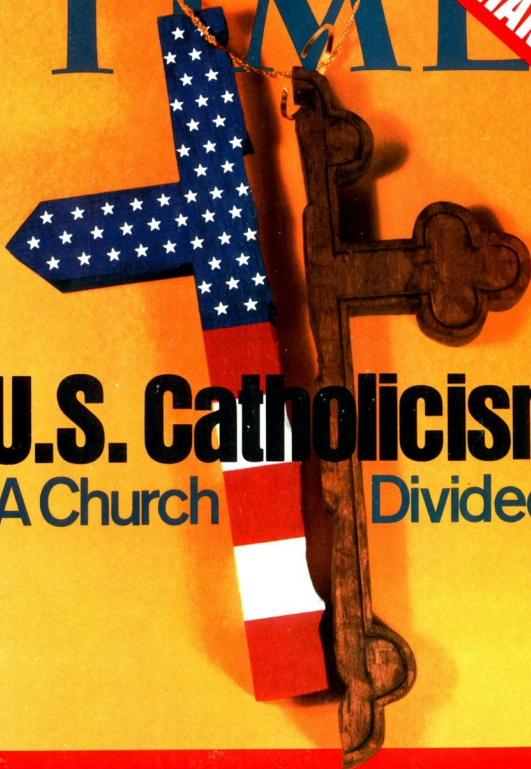


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TIME

Inside
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U.S. Catholicism

A Church Divided

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"Book me aboard



MCDONNELL DOUGLAS



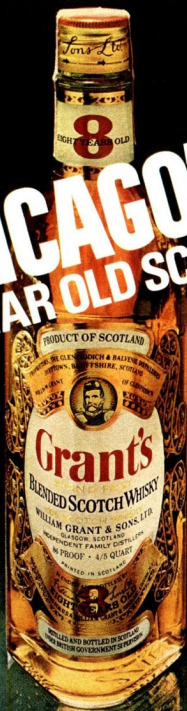
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10 is such a nice round number, it will be easy for you to remember. Air travelers who do remember the "10" come to know a very special kind of comfort, style and grace. Number yourself among them next time you fly.

a 10... a DC-10."



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That's why it's a natural for families.

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The
equalizer.

A Powerful Need for Leaders

To the Editors:

There is in human nature a powerful need to look up to leaders of honor, elegance and integrity and to feel reassured by family solidarity and continuity. This need is partly met by the royal families of Europe [May 3]. Too bad America has to settle for rock and movie stars, athletes and tarnished politicians.

Penny Johnson
New Haven, Conn.

At ten I wanted nothing more than to be a princess. At twelve I wrote Elizabeth II asking to be Prince Charles' pen pal. From twelve on I cut out every



article I could find on Britain's royal family. Older but not wiser I still feel the magic. No presidential family has made me feel that way.

Elizabeth Havey
Homewood, Ill.

Congratulations for presenting a cover picture of European royalty on playing cards. That's where they belong.

Fred S. Mott
Cincinnati

Persons of royal blood know how to look into cameras and wave to the masses with pleasant smiles. They also wear expensive clothing and they look good. But as long as there is widespread hunger in the world, I cannot be interested in royalty.

David A. Annett
San Pedro, Calif.

In this Bicentennial year, we of the Monarchist Front hope to convince many that we can get advantages by going back to the system we had from 1609 to 1783.

The kings portrayed in your article have done at least as good a job as the

38 Presidents we've had since Washington was inaugurated and almost given the title of His Majesty the President. Besides, kings (and queens) are much more colorful, durable and economical than the most frugal Chief Executive.

Gordon D. Wiebe
Daly City, Calif.

Oh, the Gullibility . . .

To place Barbara Walters [May 3] in the company of such reporters as Cronkite, Reasoner and Chancellor is unforgivable. For these are men who are now the only really eloquent voices in that otherwise insipid arena known as "broadcast journalism." They have the touch of a poet in their prose, the sagacity of a seer in their assessments. To them, the world we live in is something more than merely a matter of headlines.

Oh, the gullibility of network presidents. She and they are to be pitied.

F. Joseph Bowen
Brookline, Mass.

Take the money, the limousine, the Jamaican cook and run, Barbara Walters, before Alan Greenspan catches on to who is really ruining the economy.

Pamela Gerloff
Woodstock, Ill.

Precisely because of women like Barbara Walters, New York State does not need passage of any ERA to guarantee equal rights. She accomplished more by just being good at a job than all the protesting ERA supporters together.

(Mrs.) Marguerite H. Sanzone
Rome, N.Y.

Whose Hot-Seller?

Most surprised to find one of my newest swimsuits (for Lily Of France), which is not yet on the market, used as the lead picture in your "Look, No Straps" story [May 3]. I am particularly upset about the fact that in your story a reference is made to a Calvin Klein Lycra mailot as his "coolest hot-seller." Certainly looks as though my suit is his bestseller—is that a way to treat a trend?

Rudi Gernreich
Los Angeles

Designer Gernreich has indeed caught TIME with its straps down.

A Disgusting Wage Gap

U.S. Commissioner of Education Terrel Bell says he had to resign his \$37,800 job because he could not educate

his sons on that salary [May 3]. We struggle to live on \$10,000 a year, trying to make ends meet and give our children some kind of education. This country is rapidly becoming a place for the rich only. It isn't a generation gap that causes the misunderstandings—it's the wage gap that is so disgusting to many of us.

(Mrs.) Hazel MacKenzie
Wakefield, Mass.

My parents barely earn \$5,000 a year; yet, out of eight children, four have recently graduated from college and a fifth is on his way. Perhaps it is not the "high cost of learning" but the high standards of living that cause this problem for many Americans.

Jim Torok
Tucson, Ariz.

I would like to be burdened with Terrel Bell's salary. Having nine children, two in college, and living on a bricklayer's salary of \$13,500 (seasonal work), I wonder whether his old job might still be available.

Patricia Silva
Middletown, R.I.

My sons work for their tuition and upkeep—a time-honored American custom that does wonders to ward off the temptations of hippieism, yippieism and other forms of juvenile parasitism. Mr. Bell should encourage his sons to try it some time. Perhaps if he did, he might not need to switch from one public trough to another.

Kenneth A. Laband
Lompoc, Calif.

Watch for Falling Rocks

Re your story about the Occupational Safety and Health Administration, "Putting Trivia Ahead of Safety" [May 3]: On a recent visit to our city hall, I noticed a small rock, placed for decorative purposes on a ledge above a doorway. Over it was a sign proclaiming: WATCH FOR FALLING ROCKS.

An OSHA inspector had ruled that the rock's presence constituted a hazard unless a warning sign was posted.

I chuckled, but was it worth \$117 million?

Bob Warnock
Cerritos, Calif.

Deep Throat

I was surprised to find my candidate for Deep Throat missing from your list [May 3]. This true hero of Watergate was not a card-carrying member of the President's coterie. But he did have to work in the White House prior to June 17, 1972, and remain there through the disclosure of the Nixon

New answer to an age-old question: When is "well enough" well enough?

When is Charlie, in hospital Room 34, ready to go home:

When is "well enough" well enough?

Obviously, Charlie would like to be home, where there are family, friends and his favorite foods.

And the hospital needs the room.

But when?

A program called Utilization Review is helping physicians, hospitals—and Charlie—resolve this problem.

It means that the hospital sets up a committee of physicians who work with hospital people to review the need for hospitalization. They also evaluate medical care, the length of time the patient should remain in the hospital, and when he or she could be discharged.

The Utilization Review Committee is also responsible for medical audits that make

certain the patient has received the highest quality of care.

We are committed to and strongly support Utilization Review for all patients. And the help we provide is very real.

For instance, we supply a system that makes it possible for the hospital's Utilization Review Committee to quickly determine when Charlie's case should be reviewed.

This system gives the norms for length of hospital stay for more than 1,000 different medical and surgical conditions.

It helps the professionals make fast, accurate judgments. And it often means that Charlie gets home sooner to lord it over the household from his pet chair while his pet dish simmers on the stove.

Innovations such as this and other cost containment and quality control programs are typical of the ways we help professionals save your dollars.

For example, if Utilization Review were to

save an average of 1/2 day from all Illinois hospital stays in 1976, the potential savings would be in excess of \$71 million for room and board alone.

Your savings? Yes.

Because ultimately you pay for unnecessary costs, whether in taxes, direct charges or health insurance costs.

It's your money.

So when you're putting it in a health plan, shouldn't you put it with the people who are trying to help you save?



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Avoiding probate isn't appropriate for everyone. However, if you have a sizeable estate, a living trust is something you should explore. To arrange an appointment for you and your attorney, or to receive our free booklet on living trusts, write or call Ray E. Marchman, Jr., Vice President, The Northern Trust Company, 50 S. LaSalle Street, Chicago 60690. (312) 630-6000.

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tapes. Who else fills the bill as well as Alexander Butterfield, the man who blew the whistle on Nixon's tapes in the first place?

*Bruce A. Deresh
Syracuse*

You listed several possibilities for Deep Throat, but you omitted one of the most obvious—Henry Kissinger.

*H. Bobby Simpson
Newton Grove, N.C.*

The evasiveness on the part of Woodward and Bernstein in refusing to identify Deep Throat smacks of self-righteous hypocrisy. If the public has a right to know about governmental corruption and conversations with portraits on the wall, then the public has a right to know who supplied much of the information and for what reasons.

*Steven B. Rennie
Houghton, N.Y.*

Deep Throat is almost certainly J. Fred Buzhardt.

*Dick Blow
Mercer Island, Wash.*

Maybe it was Hal Holbrook all the time. Or possibly Linda Lovelace.

*Emile Barrios
Baton Rouge*

No Junglebunnies

Hurrah for Secretary Kissinger's realistic and moral position on behalf of Africans' efforts in Rhodesia [May 10]! It won us a lot of friends. A black Rhodesian of moderate social position once asked me, "When will all of you understand we are not junglebunnies; we are capable of thinking, speaking and determining for ourselves."

*Lawrence H. Fuller
Victorville, Calif.*

Henry Kissinger talks of "African majority rule" as being essential in Rhodesia. Does he mean African rule or majority rule? The two terms are not synonymous as far as Rhodesia is concerned. In a free election (without intimidation), a white government would still be in power. The local Africans look north and are generally horrified at the results of *Uhuru*.

*Yvonne Dance
Durban, South Africa*

Kissinger tells us that time is running out for the white regimes of Southern Africa. What he should really be saying is that time is running out for the white regimes of the world: "Ask not for whom the bell tolls, it tolls for thee."

*Valerie Dixey
Cape Town, South Africa*

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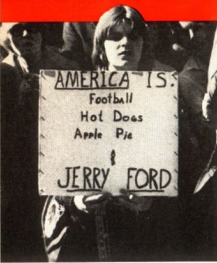
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Minolta SR-T

TIME



FORD FAN IN MICHIGAN



WHISTLE-STOPPING THROUGH MICHIGAN, FORD AND BETTY GREET CROWDS AT LANSING

AMERICAN NOTES

Not an Extra Penny

For 38 days San Franciscans endured burst water mains, broken-down boilers, overflowing fountains, weed-choked lawns, garbage-strewn streets and a transit stoppage that halted their cable cars and buses. But last week some 3,900 city workers were finally back at work—and, though they had gone on strike for an extra \$5.5 million, they had not won a penny. It was the most dramatic setback to date for the nation's powerful municipal unions, which have been demanding ever fatter wage boosts and thus helping to drive U.S. cities to the edge of bankruptcy.

It was the citizenry that finally rebelled against the well-paid rank and file (street sweepers are currently making as much as \$17,000). In a referendum last year, San Franciscans voted 2 to 1 to eliminate a pay formula linking city workers' salary increases to those in private industry. With such a mandate, the board of supervisors froze the workers' pay and reduced their benefits. That decision was unchanged by the strike. Said Board President Quentin Kopp: "The lesson to be learned from this strike is that political power in the city has moved away from the special-interest groups such as organized labor and Big Business, into the neighborhoods."

Dangerous Curve

As any habitué of America's choked freeways, parkways, beltways, highways and byways might have guessed, more than half the gasoline consumed in the world is consumed in the U.S. That statistic implies a profligacy that might be expected to give Americans pause.

But with the recession receding and the 1973 Arab oil embargo a dimming memory, Americans appear to be paus-

ing not at all. The Federal Energy Administration noted last week that gasoline currently is being guzzled at a pace that seems certain to drown all previous records. Consumption is perilously close to the record of 7.3 million bbl. used daily in the U.S. in August 1973, shortly before the October embargo. Since gas sales are highest in summer when more vacationers are on the road, August of the Bicentennial year could be a dilly.

FEA has another, equally sobering set of statistics. Whereas in 1960 only 18.8% of oil used in the U.S. came from foreign sources, in the pre-embargo period of 1973 that figure rose to 36.2%. Currently it is about 40%. So much for independence.

Downright Unreasonable

Some school boards are beginning to get downright unreasonable about requirements for a high school diploma. Just two months ago, the New York State Board of Regents agreed unanimously that the state's high school pupils should pass a ninth-grade reading and mathematics examination in order to graduate (TIME, April 5).

That does not sound too exacting for twelfth-graders. But consider what is happening elsewhere. In Chicago, the city's school superintendent has proposed that a broad examination in finance, health, government, law, transportation, communications and community resources be mandatory for all high school students before they can receive their diplomas. In Missouri, one member of the state board of education has suggested that it would be nice if students could read a newspaper, calculate simple interest on a loan and balance a checkbook. If standards like those were applied nationwide, more than a few high school graduates might have to turn in their diplomas.

POLITICS

More Blood

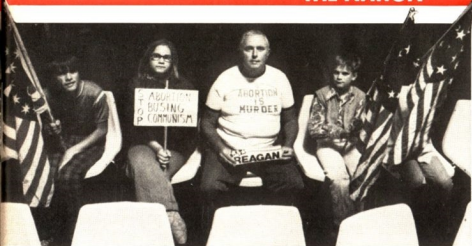
Endless meetings. Panic. Conflicting advice on strategy. Confusion and disarray. That was the situation in Gerald Ford's White House as he faced the primary in Michigan this week, to be followed by elections next week in six Southern and Western states that are mostly bastions of strength for Ronald Reagan.

"I have spent most of my life in Michigan," said Ford, as he stepped off the plane in Detroit last week. If that was one of the most superfluous remarks the President ever made, it was also a sign of his desperation. He was pleading plaintively, almost pathetically for the home folks' support in what could be the most crucial contest so far in his political career. After a string of five primary losses to Reagan, climaxed by a defeat in Nebraska last week, he needs a victory in Michigan as well as Maryland to slow the challenger's momentum and narrow his 468-318 lead in committed delegates (see chart). A loss at home might not be fatal to the President's chances, but it would be crippling and humiliating.

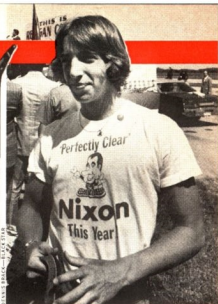
Imitating Harry Truman, Ford whistle-stopped by railroad through Michigan over the weekend. But unlike "Give 'em Hell" Harry, he did not turn his listeners on much. His style was reassuring but plodding and predictable. Sometimes defending his record, sometimes sounding almost as anti-Washington as Jimmy Carter, the President often seemed to say the right thing the wrong way. Earlier, at a shopping center in a Detroit suburb, the audience started to drift off as soon as he began talking.

He appealed to "every person registered in this state to vote for me,

THE NATION



REAGAN SUPPORTERS WILLIAM CRAVEN & FAMILY PUSH THEIR CANDIDATE IN KENTUCKY



RONALD REAGAN JR. AT RALLY

in the G.O.P.'s Donnybrook

whether they call themselves Democrats, Republicans or independents." He was especially anxious about the kind of cross-over vote that sealed his defeats in Texas and Indiana. In 1972 in Michigan, more than 800,000 people voted for George Wallace; Ford hoped to deter them from swinging to Reagan. Said he: "We must win in Michigan."

Easy Jokes. Reagan was better at striking sparks. Displaying increasing confidence and *elan*, he campaigned in Kentucky and Idaho before moving on to Michigan. The jokes came easily. Asked for the umpteenth time about his position on the Panama Canal, he quipped: "If they don't watch out, I'll come out and start defending the Erie Canal." In keeping with his levity, his accompanying son Ron Jr., 17, sported a T shirt emblazoned with a caricature of Richard Nixon, wearing red, white and blue shoes and flashing a victory sign, and the joshing slogan "Perfectly clear—Nixon this year!"

Like the President, Reagan tried to broaden his appeal. He reminded an audience of coal miners and tobacco farmers in Kentucky: "I was a Democrat most of my adult life." He speculated on his choice of running mate, saying that the nominee would have to be "philosophically compatible." Vice President Nelson Rockefeller was not, he elaborated, but John Connally was a possibility. Reagan added that he would be glad to have Treasury Secretary William Simon in his Administration. What about Gerald Ford as Vice President? Responded Reagan: "It's been said that if you put Ford and me together in a dark room, you can't tell us apart philosophically. Well, if you turn on the light,

you can." But he added that if he won in Michigan, he would not ask the President to withdraw from the race. "Ford annoyed me so much when he suggested that I withdraw, I just wouldn't do the same thing to him."

Reagan was particularly ebullient because of his upset victory in Nebraska, where he garnered 55% of the vote and 18 out of 25 delegates. This time the President could not complain that he lost because of cross-overs. Only Republicans can vote in the state's G.O.P. primary. Nebraska had been considered Ford's territory, and he had led by 23 points in a poll taken two weeks before the election. But he was hurt by Reagan's tagging him a captive of "the Washington Establishment" and farmers' resentment over his embargo on grain sales to the Soviet Union from August through October. "Farm people have long memories," conceded Bill Barrett, Ford's Nebraska coordinator. Nebraskans were also moved by Reagan's assault on Administration foreign and defense policies. Observed Ford Delegate Ed Schwartzkopf: "Reagan's saying 'Hey, I'm drawing the line' is like Martin Luther's nailing the 95 theses to the door."

The challenger's Nebraska triumph overshadowed Ford's 57%-43% win in West Virginia. Neither candidate spent much time or money there. Ford, in fact, stayed out of West Virginia because of complex local politics. But he had the support of the well-oiled Republican machine. "It's amazing how much you can do with a little chewing gum and spit," boasted Steve Krouch, Ford's campaign director in the state. "You might say the campaign worked like a

sales pyramid. Party leaders got on the phone to their friends, who in turn were asked to call additional party members and friends."

Whatever happens in Michigan, Ford will need all that hard sell and more next week as he confronts Reagan in Tennessee, Arkansas, Idaho, Nevada, Kentucky and Oregon, which together have 176 delegates. Reagan is considered ahead in the first four, while Kentucky is a draw, and Ford is thought to have a slight lead in Oregon. Still a bigger contest lies ahead on June 8, Super Bowl day, when California, Ohio and New Jersey are at stake.

In a field poll of California released last week, Reagan came out ahead of Ford among Republicans, 49% to 39%. Even if Reagan wins his state's 167 delegates in the winner-take-all primary, Ford could partly offset the loss with expected strong showings in New Jersey and Ohio that day. In that case, quite possibly neither candidate would go to the convention with enough committed delegates to ensure victory on the first ballot, and the decision would rest in the hands of the uncommitted delegates.

Of the uncommitted delegates so far, 250 are considered to be in Ford's camp, 89 in Reagan's, and 15 firmly planted in neither. Solid wins by either candidate will sway opinion and shift the numbers. Last week the New York delegation, the largest uncommitted bloc, was ruffled when 15 Brooklyn members broke ranks and broke for Reagan; three others had earlier made the same choice. Most of the remaining 136 delegates will probably respond to the wishes of Rockefeller.

He sings Ford's praises but has not yet pushed the delegation to support the President, however much he could use the lift. Rocky wants as much bargaining power as possible at the convention. His right-hand political man

REPUBLICAN SCORECARD

(THROUGH MAY 15)
Needed to nominate: 1,130

Reagan	468
Ford	318
Uncommitted	354
Total to date	1,140
Yet to be chosen	1,119

in New York, Republican State Chairman Richard Rosenbaum, is trying to put together a "Northeast group" of some 300 uncommitteds from New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and parts of New England. The group will press during the convention for planks that favor the region. But much more important is the fact that it could swing the nomination.

Rockefeller told TIME New York Bureau Chief Laurence I. Barrett last week: "I think the uncommitted delegates will have the capacity to make the decision. The President will be nominated." But what if Rocky is wrong? Would his own name be placed in nomination? Without making a flat denial, he replied: "I cannot conceive of any scenario in which that could eventuate."

Texan Connally expects to go as a delegate to the convention in August, "as uncommitted then as I am now." Last week he told TIME Atlanta Bureau Chief James Bell that the candidate will be Ford or Reagan and not some long-

shot third man. As for Connally himself, "I have no intention of throwing my hat anywhere, including into the ring. Frankly, in the future, I would prefer not to hold any elective or appointive office."

Uncommitteds cannot be taken for granted; they tend to be proud of their independent stand and not too easily budged. To date the pressure on them from the candidates' recruiters has been more subtle than sharp. Sherry Martischink, 26, an uncommitted delegate from South Carolina, says that local Reagan supporters are leaning on her a bit. "But it is not what I would call ugly pressure." Anticipating hard sells from supporters of both candidates, M.L. Hertzler, a Wyoming farmer, declares: "I can take it." Rich Port, a prosperous Illinois real estate executive who is uncommitted, has received dozens of calls from both sides. Just after he filed in January for election as an uncommitted delegate, he was phoned by President Ford, who urged: "Come on, get on my team." Says Port: "People who know me know you don't pressure me into anything. I'm a free-thinking entrepreneur."

Simple and Strong. So far, Ford's main flaw as a campaigner has been his inability to project a presidential image. Instead of stressing his peace-and-prosperity achievements, he has let himself be diverted into petty exchanges with Reagan. Observes Rockefeller: "Because of the pressure of events, the President has not had the time to do the kind of communicating with the American people which has to be done. We need a very simple, strong, clear exposition of each of the Administration's accomplishments. Inflation is down. Em-

ployment is up. The economic recovery is fantastic."

Some advisers fault the President for not properly coordinating his political and nonpolitical duties. Complains an aide: "Until a week or two ago, about the only communications between staffers at the White House and the Ford election committee took place on primary nights." Government agencies often seem oblivious to the needs of the campaign. Just before the Michigan primary, the Labor Department released statistics showing that Detroit had the highest unemployment rate (17.4%) of any American city in 1975. Said a top official at Labor: "I just don't understand how they came up with timing like this. If you think I'm upset, you should hear the boys at the White House."

Many of Ford's difficulties can be traced to his White House staff, which is disorganized and at least temporarily dispirited (see box). Complains a Republican who is close to Ford: "Nobody on the White House staff has ever run for anything." Adds a presidential aide: "When you get Dave Kennerly [the 29-year-old White House photographer] and Don Penny [recently hired gagwriter and speech coach] offering advice on political strategy, you've got problems."

Another problem is Ford's campaign chairman, Rogers Morton, who remarked on TV as the grim results rolled in from Nebraska: "I'm not going to rearrange the furniture on the deck of the *Titanic*." The genial Morton has not had conspicuous success in organizing Ford's campaign; in general, he remains the glad-handing front man while decisions are made by Political Director Stuart Spencer.

Where Has All the Power Gone?

Between campaign appearances last week, President Ford:

- Postponed the formal signing of a nuclear test ban treaty with the Soviet Union only hours before the event was to have been beamed around the world via satellite television.

- Signed a bill to reconstitute the Federal Election Commission, though his lawyers told him that one of the sections of the measure was clearly unconstitutional.

- Presented Congress with a proposal for "sweeping reform" of federal regulatory agencies, though the plan calls for nothing more than a study leading to specific proposals over a four-year period.

While its principal occupant moved gingerly through mine-strewn primary-election fields, the Ford White House plainly reflected the ill effects of absentee landlordism and political-year preoccupation. Gerald Ford, after 21 months in the Oval Office, seemed fur-

ther than ever from the Trumanesque image of decisiveness he so admires.

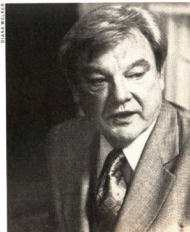
The most disturbing sign of political paralysis was the eleventh-hour postponement of the treaty ceremony, an act that prompted a Western ambassador to ask an American in Moscow, "Just what in the world is going on in your country?" Negotiated during 93 meetings dating back to September 1974, the treaty limits the size of underground nuclear explosions. For the first time, it provides for on-site inspections in both the U.S. and U.S.S.R.

The treaty was initiated by U.S. Ambassador Walter Stoessel Jr. in Moscow earlier last week, and to underscore its significance, Ford and Soviet Leader Leonid Brezhnev were to affix their signatures in live TV ceremonies in the White House and the Kremlin. Administration officials offered no formal explanation for the change in plans, but one was hardly needed: the President

clearly was reluctant to antagonize even further the Republican right, already irked by the Ford-Kissinger policy of détente.

Since assuming the presidency in August 1974, Ford has frequently seemed weak, uncertain, vacillating. The nation is at peace, the economy is surging, and no one questions Ford's

SPEECHWRITER ROBERT HARTMANN



Trying to keep the campaign from becoming another *Titanic*, senior Ford advisers recently held an emergency summit conference. Among those attending were Republican Heavyweights Melvin Laird, Dean Burch and Bryce Harlow as well as some G.O.P. congressional leaders and two savvy fund raisers, Detroit Industrialist Max Fisher and California Businessman Leon Parma.

Basic Instincts. "Everybody got criticized," says a participant. One adviser complained that the presidential staff was "just another palace guard shielding the President from anybody who might know more than they do." The Cabinet was attacked for being "too independent" to help Ford in his hour of need. One participant griped that Carla Hills, Secretary of Housing and Urban Development, was unwilling to speak for the President because "she can't decide whether or not she is a Republican." Treasury Secretary Simon might have been useful in Michigan—then why was he traveling in South America? Laird sniped at the bad timing of Kissinger's Africa trip.

The President remained calm. He seemed to snap back from his depression after losing Nebraska. "We've got to keep our cool," he told an agitated aide. Ford could still take heart from the latest Gallup poll, completed May 3, showing that Republicans favored him 60% to 35% over Reagan. The President was putting his faith in the basic instincts of Republicans when their hands were finally on the voting lever. Wild as they may be about Reagan, most Republicans know that they will probably have a better chance of winning in November with Ford.

honesty and decency. Yet the White House appears rudderless. The Administration has come down on both sides of legislation to aid debt-ridden New York City, to permit a single picketing union to shut down an entire construction project, to strengthen antitrust laws, to reduce income taxes. When his sincipient campaign manager, Bo Calla-

STAFF CHIEF RICHARD CHENEY



CARTER & HUMPHREY AT DEMOCRATIC DINNER IN WASHINGTON

Meanwhile, on the Carter Chase

Ted Kennedy did a lot of table hopping, but hardly any of the 1,800 Senators, Representatives and party faithful at last week's \$500-a-plate Democratic congressional dinner at the Washington Hilton paid him much attention. They also ignored Presidential Campaign Dropouts Lloyd Bentsen and Henry Jackson, who sat glumly on the sidelines. But Hubert Humphrey and Jimmy Carter were another matter. Followed by comet-like tails of photographers and TV cameramen, watched by everyone, they roamed the ballroom, shaking hands and chatting with party leaders. Showing where their hearts lie, the

politicians gave a standing ovation to never-say-die Humphrey and only polite applause to Carter, the David turned Goliath. Nonetheless, most of the party pros at the dinner reluctantly but realistically had their minds set on Carter as their almost certain presidential nominee. Nor were those expectations changed when the news came later in the night that Carter had been narrowly upset by Idaho Senator Frank Church in the Nebraska primary. Even with that setback Carter has won twelve of 17 primaries, drawn more than 4 million votes and locked well over 600 delegates (needed to nominate: 1,505). A recent

way, greased the skids for Nelson Rockefeller's slide from the 1976 Ford ticket, the President's silence made him appear weak or devious.

Other than his plan for regulatory reforms, Ford's major proposal to Congress this year has been for a reorganization of foreign intelligence operations. Major foreign policy initiatives—such as support for black majority rule in Rhodesia—have been articulated by Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, further contributing to Ford's bystander image even though Ford, of course, approved the policies.

Within the Ford White House, there is an aura of confusion and drift. The chief staff administrator, Richard Cheney, 35, gets generally high marks for making a wide range of people and conflicting ideas accessible to his boss. But the President has done little to ease the tension between Cheney, whose office has had an increasing influence on presidential speeches, and Robert Hartmann, a longtime Ford political adviser and chief speechwriter. Recently Ford promoted Cheney Aide David Gergen,

34, to White House special counsel and assigned Stefan Halper, 31, to help Cheney and Gergen assess the political implications of Administration initiatives. However, both Gergen and Halper are former speechwriters, a fact that will do little to diminish the tension between the Cheney and Hartmann operations.

Part of Ford's failure to appear more presidential derives from his apparent inability to resist traditional barnstorming. Voters see him as campaigner often, as President only rarely. Not since Feb. 17 has he held a press conference in Washington, where the White House provides a setting still held in awe by millions of Americans. Instead, the President has opted for local press conferences, where he appears no more presidential than any other candidate.

Although considerable finger pointing has gone on, there is no minimizing Ford's responsibility for the White House bluffs. As Cheney himself has said on previous occasions: "The President sets the style for this White House. And that's the way it should be."

THE NATION

Gallup poll showed rank-and-file Democrats prefer him to Humphrey by 39-30%; the remaining 27% favor other candidates. Democratic projections of where Carter will stand after the last primaries on June 8 give him from 1,000 to 1,300 delegates, v. fewer than 300 for any of his opponents. Says a top official of the Democratic National Committee: "The question keeps coming up, and there's no good answer: 'Who is going to beat him?'"

Pride and Power. If his opponents somehow coalesced to block him, they would make the whole primary campaign look like a charade and probably lose the South, which increasingly views the Georgian as the man who has brought pride and power to the region. Thus, the D.N.C. is already preparing for the July convention and the fall campaign on the premise he will be the candidate. Democratic Chairman Robert Strauss officially must remain neutral, but he also expects to avoid a deadlock or a bloodbath at Madison Square Garden. He told a party luncheon last week: "I made a commitment not to deliver a candidate to this party but to deliver a unified party to the candidate. And that, I assure you, is what I will do in the next 69 days."

Acknowledging that Carter is probably unstoppable, many Democratic leaders decided to back him. A full day of courting Democratic Congressmen and labor officials in Washington won him endorsements from 18 freshmen Representatives. Two days later, after telephone calls from Carter on three successive Sundays, Senator Thomas Eagleton and 33 other party leaders from Missouri pledged their allegiance, assuring Carter of ultimately getting at least 50 of the state's 71 delegates. Carter also won the support of Democratic leaders in Virginia, giving him 40 of the state's 54 delegates. Many other party veterans were on the verge of supporting him. But they held back to wait a bit after

Morris Udall ran an unexpectedly close second to him in Connecticut, 33-31%, and Frank Church knocked a few spokes from the wheels of the Carter bandwagon in Nebraska.

Starting out as the underdog, Church outcampaigning Carter in the state by 13 days to one and outspent him by \$135,000 to \$45,000. Moreover, Udall made a deal with Church not to campaign in Nebraska to keep the anti-Carter vote from splitting. Even so, Church was flabbergasted by the skinny 39-38% win. In his victory speech in Omaha, he effusively thanked the people of Nevada, until Wife Bethine urgently whispered, "Nebraska."

Carter played down the importance of the loss ("I can't win 'em all") and stepped up his campaign for this week's more important primaries: against California Governor Jerry Brown, who was generating much hopping-and-jumping excitement in Maryland (53 delegates), and against Udall in Michigan (133). Ahead lie a dozen more primaries, with 775 delegates at stake. The situation last week in the most important of the contests, which are clustered on two dates:

May 25. Carter seems headed toward easy victories in Arkansas, Tennessee and Kentucky (total: 118 delegates). Says Louisville Mayor Harvey Sloane of Carter: "He's maturing like good Kentucky bourbon." He probably will lose most of Idaho's 16 delegates to Native Son Church and most of Nevada's eleven to Neighbor Brown. In Oregon, which has 34 delegates, Carter was narrowly ahead, but Church's strength was growing; he has spent eleven days so far this year in his next-door state, which Carter—spread thin—has not visited since 1975. The race gained another candidate last week when Brown began a write-in campaign.

June 8. Carter should run strongly in New Jersey (with 108 delegates) and Ohio (152). In Ohio, his chief opposition comes from delegate slates pledged

DEMOCRAT SCORECARD

(THROUGH MAY 15)

Needed to nominate: 1,505

Carter	627
Jackson	207
Udall	201
Wallace	138
Favorite Sons	138
Others	91
Uncommitted	462

Total to date 1,864

Yet to be chosen 1,144

to several favorite sons and a favorite daughter. In New Jersey, uncommitted delegates, their hearts with Humphrey, are still trying to mount an effective challenge. Humphrey encouraged them in three appearances in the Atlantic City area last week, insisting that "primaries do not always reflect what is happening in the party." Brown will also campaign for New Jersey's uncommitted.

Nuclear Program. But Brown's main effort will be back home in California (280 delegates), where a Field poll last week showed him ahead of Carter by 45-22%. Still, even if Carter places second as expected, top California Democrats expect that under the state's proportional representation rules, he will wind up with at least 100 delegates—enough to give his drive another push.

Carter took time out last week to explain his previous proposal that the U.S. work for worldwide nuclear disarmament. Before an enthusiastic audience at a convention on nuclear energy at the United Nations, he called on the U.S. and the Soviet Union to go beyond the current SALT talks and negotiate a step-by-step decrease in their nuclear arsenals. Said he: "The longer effective arms reduction is postponed, the more likely it is that other nations will be encouraged to develop their own nuclear capability." As part of his proposed "alliance for survival," he also wants the U.S. and Russia to ban "all nuclear explosions for a period of five years, whether they be weapons tests or so-called 'peaceful' nuclear explosions, and encourage all other countries to join." Carter further urged a voluntary moratorium by all nations on the purchase and sale of plants that enrich uranium and reprocess spent nuclear reactor fuel, both of which can be used to produce atomic weapons. As a substitute, he suggested the creation of "centralized, multinational enrichment facilities" to provide the fuel for all nations' nuclear reactors. In this way, he said, the nations of the world can limit the spread of nuclear weapons and thus lessen the danger of a nuclear war.

CHURCH & WIFE BETHINE CELEBRATING VICTORY OVER CARTER IN NEBRASKA



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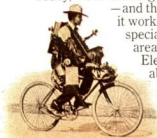
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THE PEOPLE

Running Against Washington

Politicians accustomed to swimming in the relatively predictable shallows of the American voter's mood must now be thinking of it as a kind of Loch Ness. This year something is down there. Something unexamined, a different psychological species. An ancient coelacanth of conservatism? Or some entirely new breed? In this volatile, often surprising primary season, one thing is clear: there has been a fairly fundamental change in the way that Americans look at their leaders and Government.

The theme of repudiation runs strong—rejection of old faces and old methods. Many, if not most Americans—devout liberals as well as professed conservatives—now regard their Government as a huge, inefficient, tax-guzzling and somehow hostile presence. For a long while, of course, Americans have been in at least rhetorical revolt against Big Government, big bureaucracy and big programs. What is new is the success of the candidates who have grasped and stumbled on this issue. Jimmy Carter's early runaway, Ronald Reagan's rebound and Jerry Brown's recent prominence can be credited at least as much to their appeal as non-Washington, untainted, somewhat iconoclastic candidates as to their substantive programs. Beaming at Brown, Barbara Mikulski, a candidate for Congress from Baltimore, said, "At the risk of sounding a little Buddhist myself, people are attracted by this new energy. I am too."

False Promises. There are three strains of the anti-Washington sentiment. One is the sense, building for a dozen years, that Washington has betrayed the people, dragging the nation through war and Watergate, CIA and FBI abuses and, to insult the injured, has consistently lied about it. Vanderbilt University Chancellor Alexander Heard puts it succinctly: "Washington is simply shorthand for the unsuccessful part of our past." Now, says Lawyer Charles Morgan Jr., an Alabama-bred civil libertarian, "any good outsider can beat the establishment of elitists whose interest is to keep the people in the dark."

Beyond the question of betrayal, Washington is seen as a failure, even though the Government has helped effect enormous social change in civil rights and other areas in the past decade. A Harris poll last week found that by overwhelming margins, Americans are willing to vote for a candidate who promises little more from Government than "to improve the quality of life." People are not so much against politicians—after all, Carter and Reagan are politicians—as they are suspicious of false promises and Government intervention in their lives and enterprises.

BUDGET CHIEF JAMES LYNN
EXPLAINS A PROGRAM MAZE

The New Deal-Great Society approach that led the nation to look to Washington for solutions is now in real—though sometimes unrealistic—disrepute. Nebraska's Democratic Governor J. James Exon echoes the new truism: "The candidate who can clearly spell out how to restrain Government and Government spending can win it all in 1976."

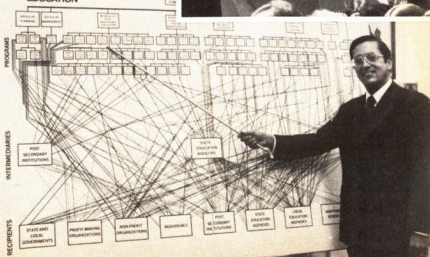
A third, related element is the astonishingly widespread conviction that Government meddles too much in Americans' lives, overregulating, intruding. At Dayton Malleable Inc., a large independent foundry company, President John Torley faces a frustrating dilemma. Says he: "The law says that in order to correct the noise problem, we are to supply earplugs or earmuffs, which we do. On the other hand, we have a lot of lift trucks that are required

HERB LOCK—WASHINGTON POST



BODDY KIMS

EDUCATION PROGRAMS OF THE OFFICE OF EDUCATION



to have beeper alarms on them when they back up. And when you put earmuffs or earplugs on guys, they can't hear the beep, so you have an irreconcilable difference. The law doesn't tell you how to rationalize these things—they just tell you what you must do."

Out of Touch. Of course, notes Historian James MacGregor Burns, the people have always grumbled loudly at Government; back in 1932 Challenger Franklin Roosevelt attacked President Hoover's bureaucracy and big spending. But now the complaints are that the Government has lost contact with the people. Says Jack Spalding, editor of the *Atlanta Journal*: "It's not that the people are especially mad at Washington. Rather it is that Washington is so out of touch with the country. Those elitists up there are in orbit by themselves." Minneapolis *Tribune* Editor Charles Bailey feels that Washington fails to understand that a new self-confidence has developed in many communities, where people reckon that they can manage their own affairs.

Washington is seen as a sort of oblivious company town devoted more to its own perpetuation than to the interests of the country as a whole. Former Secretary of State Dean Rusk, now a University of Georgia professor, notes sadly that Washington (and the governments of Western Europe and Japan) "appear to be afraid of their own people. My

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"I sincerely believe you should take your hard-earned money and put it where you live, in a home of your own. Right now. We've been through some hard times, but things are looking better and this is an excellent time to buy your own home. Here's why.

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Where do you get the money?

"Your builder or realtor can give you useful advice. Getting the down payment

scraped together can be rough. But it is worth it. Owning your own home has always been the single, most desired goal in our society. It still is. Once you're over the down payment hurdle, Savings and Loan Associations are the major source of residential mortgages in the United States. Commercial banks are second. Life insurance companies are another source. And, in some parts of the country, Mutual Savings Banks offer residential mortgages. If you're a veteran, you can get

help from the Veteran's Administration. Mortgage rates are down from last year. The way things are these days, it might be prudent to act now.

The new American home is affordable, expandable and efficient.

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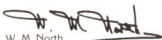
time in 200 years home."

"And as far as home construction goes, this business about the old master builder putting your house together stick-by-stick is, like the snug little log cabin in the forest, quaint but inaccurate. Today's basic home is often designed by a staff of architects working for a professional builder who uses the efficiencies of high-volume technology, a team of skilled workmen, and the best building materials, tools and construction techniques.

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THE NATION

mind goes back to Harry Truman. He had a fundamental confidence in the American people. He thought that at the grass roots the people would do what had to be done by the end of the day if they were told what to do and why it had to be done. Truman thought Americans were good people."

Somewhat contrarily, Americans still look to the Government for a vast array of services and would surely not tolerate reductions in many of them. Often they desire still more—nationwide health insurance, for example, and federally financed jobs. Moreover, Hubert Humphrey, who has spent a generation as a disciple of the big-spending New Deal religion, retains a wide following. Ted Kennedy, another Washington figure, might have had the Democratic nomination if he wanted it.

Daniel Yankelovich, the public opinion analyst, finds a different emphasis: "What we're seeing is not a revolt against Washington and the Eastern establishment. It's simply that the fresh faces make sense." Despite the popularity of some incumbents, says Yankelovich, there is "an anti-incumbency mood, one that extends not only to the people in office but to the old ideas and styles, to almost everything that has been part of the kind of thinking associated with past problems." Rumbles Oregon Teamster Leader L.B. Day: "We're looking for someone with guts who will tell these galoots, 'Look, we've had it with people who lie and with people who spy.' We want Washington to get back to the way it once was."

Older Values. In various ways, Carter, Reagan, Brown—and Gerald Ford—promise to restore older and simpler values and return the Government to the people. Thus the emerging issue of the campaign may well be what Yankelovich calls the moral issue: the desire to restore a sense of purpose, trust, fairness, lawfulness and public responsibility to American life.

Americans seem to be on a cusp now: disconcerted about problems that Government has failed to solve and very much in the mood for change—and feeling hopeful about prospects for it. National surveys show a marked rise since last fall in the people's optimism and confidence in the nation. The recuperating economy seems to be restoring the nation's equilibrium; not so many months ago, oppressive inflation and deep recession hadlanded some Americans with Weimar visions of disaster. Equally important, new hopes are sprouting in the spring of campaign oratory, which holds out the prospects of new policies and, quite likely, new personalities. Perhaps the mood was summed up best not by the politicians, pollsters or pundits but by an IBM executive in Danbury, Conn., who wondered aloud: "Are we giving the country back to the people at last? I think so. I like what has happened in the primaries. The people are having their say again."



MAIN STREET IN JIMMY CARTER'S COMMUNITY OF PLAINS, GA.

THE PRESIDENCY/HUGH SIDEY

Why Small-Town Boys Make Good



FIRST GRAND RAPIDS FORD HOME



REAGAN'S DIXON, ILL.

What do Dixon, Boise, Saint Johns, Mission, Westminster, Shirkville, Floresville and Clio have in common? If, understandably, the light does not dawn, try this: Laurinburg, Walters, Rumford, Mitchell, Everett, Doland and Pocantico Hills. In case the riddle is still not solved, two more names should give it away: Plains and Grand Rapids.

The list, of course, includes the birthplaces and/or home towns of current and former Presidential Hopefuls (in order) Reagan, Church, Udall, Bentsen, Shriver, Bayh, Connally, Wallace, Sanford, Harris, Muskie, McGovern, Jackson, Humphrey, Rockefeller, Carter and Ford.

All qualify, with only a little imagination here (Rockefeller) and there (Ford), as small-town boys, which must tell us something about small towns as well as the men. But it is a fact that with the exception of John Kennedy, every President of this century since Taft was born or reared in a small community. Which leads one to wonder why, in our age of ultimate urbanization, we end up with men who never had firsthand experience living right down in the crowded center of Megalopolis.

True, a couple of people's places were omitted—Cleveland and San Francisco. But Milton Shapp did not go far: Jerry Brown remains an oddity in the down-home parade of 1976.

"We exaggerate the citification of this country," says Irving Kristol, the New York University urban expert. "We do have an urbanized culture, but we are not a city people." Those fellows running for the White House are more a profile of America than we commonly recognize. The Census Bureau says that 80% of our population live in communities of less than 500,000 people, a city size still all that big.

In the suburbs and in many smaller cities, the folks still think a lot in small-town terms, insists Kristol, even while indulging in the urban world to work and go to concerts. The professor adds that this vast majority of people are not beset with the metropolitan problems that have dominated our public dialogue for years. More moderate sized cities, like Minneapolis, can actually solve their garbage, traffic and downtown commercial problems. This leads people like former Mayor Hubert Humphrey to believe that they can work wonders from the White House.

Daniel Boorstin, Librarian of Congress and a Pulitzer prizewinner for his book *The Americans: The Democratic Experience*, says that life is "more graspable" in smaller places. He believes that the immense cities often overwhelm the people who grow up there, discouraging them before they reach the age of leadership. In smaller places, he reckons, hope, a certain confidence and an ability to cope are nurtured. Boorstin is intrigued at how some of the open-air, back-fence values of Editor William Allen White, the Emporia sage of the 1920s, have re-entered the national discussion and how the small-town wisdom and wit of Will Rogers have been rekindled on the stage with amazing success by James Whitmore (who also does a nice impression of the man from Independence, Harry Truman).

"I think a person gets a better grip on himself and on the world when he spends those early years in a smaller place," muses Bill Moyers, public television's impresario, who was raised in Marshall, Texas. He says that solitude, knowing friends and enemies intimately, having a more hospitable environment—all provide a gentle entry into the harsh world. "People in towns get a better sense of themselves, their places. The families stay closer, the landmarks last longer."

In small places most people survive easily, and many who live so close to church, flag and mother leave home charged with what Moyers describes as a strain of Calvinism. It is composed of equal parts of missionary zeal to help others and fierce self-interest. It was best described, he says, in the admonition that Rebekah Baines Johnson, formidable matron of Johnson City, delivered frequently to her son Lyndon. "Do good," she said, "and you will do well." Onward Calvinist soldiers from Plains and Dixon and Grand Rapids and...

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REFUGEES

The Bitter Legacy of the Babylift

"When am I going home?" asked twelve-year-old Ya Hinh, just eight weeks after arriving in the suburban New York home of Janet and Louis Marchese. Hinh, called Keith by the Marcheses, was one of some 2,000 Vietnamese children airlifted to the U.S. in Operation Babylift as Saigon fell to the Communists in the spring of 1975. He had learned to say "mother," "father" and a few other English words quite quickly. But Mrs. Marchese, wife of a New York City policeman, was torn between her desire to adopt the boy officially and her awareness that his real mother might want him back. "Keith loves it here, but he misses his parents," she explains. "He has lots of nightmares. I think about how it would be if he were

or starvation. Operation Babylift was created out of humanitarian motives on all sides. Yet it has left a legacy of uncertainty, considerable bitterness—and a legal situation as tangled as the emotions that swirled around the war itself.

In the rush to get the children out of Viet Nam, there was often no great concern about technicalities like proper identification or release forms from parents. Recalls Bobby Nofflet, who worked with the U.S. AID agency in Saigon in those hectic days: "Three, six, nine babies would be left in front of the agency, mothers begging us to take them. There were large sheaves of papers and batches of babies. Who knew which belonged to which?" Children also were dying of malnutrition in the orphanages

JOHN WOODRUFF



LISA BRODYAGA WITH ADOPTED DAUGHTER MY HANG IN SAN JOSE, CALIF.

Out of humanitarian motives, a legal situation almost as tangled as the emotions that swirled around the war itself.

my child, and I break into a cold sweat."

Unlike many of the Americans who have taken in Vietnamese children, Mrs. Marchese is earnestly trying to find Keith's parents. She has spent some \$500 on telephone calls to the Red Cross, the Immigration and Naturalization Service and many refugee camps, with no success. "It's very cruel to keep a child if his parents are looking for him," she feels. Similarly futile attempts to find the parents of My Hang, 7, have been made by Lisa Brodyaga, 35, a lawyer in San Jose, Calif., who has adopted the girl. She contends that adoption agencies show little interest in helping. My Hang arrived in the U.S. with no identification papers at all.

Batches of Babies. The anguish of Viet Nam lingers—for the American families seeking to adopt the children they have come to love, and for an unknown number of Vietnamese parents now seeking to regain custody of children they sent to the U.S. as "orphans" to spare them from a possible bloodbath

at the time. "When you see that, you don't care what goes on; you just want to get those little kids out," explains Anna Forder, a St. Louis lawyer who, as a social worker in Viet Nam, was familiar with the orphanages.

The result is chaos, as the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service and local U.S. courts try to determine whether specific Vietnamese children are legally eligible for adoption by the Americans who have taken them in. So far, the service has declared 1,671 children eligible, based either on signed releases from a parent or on affidavits from Vietnamese swearing that the parents are dead or the children have been abandoned. Another 353 children have been ruled ineligible.

The New York-based Center for Constitutional Rights, meanwhile, has filed a class-action suit on behalf of all the children who may not in fact be orphans, including those who have been ruled eligible for adoption. The center, challenging the validity of the service's

decisions, is asking for a case-by-case review of each child's background. A district court in San Francisco, however, has ruled that no class litigation for all the children is lawful, if individual reviews are requested, they must be granted by the appropriate local courts. This ruling is being appealed. The ambiguity hurts all parties.

Very Bad. Ha Thi Vo, a Vietnamese mother who gave up three sons during the babylift, is now living in California, where she is fighting to regain them. She found her youngest child, Tung, 3, at an adoption agency. But since he did not immediately recognize her, agency officials said she could not take him. "They call me a liar," she says. "They make me feel very bad."

In Forest City, Iowa, Johnny and Bonnie Nelson feel they have the right to resist the claim of Doan Thi Hoang Anh, who lives in Great Falls, Mont.; she insists she is the mother of the four-

LE WICK



HA THI VO WITH PHOTO OF SONS

year-old Vietnamese child they call Ben. Says Mrs. Nelson: "At first I was trying to look at it as if I were in her shoes. But we couldn't just give him away to someone claiming to be his mother without any proof." When both sides went into court over Ben, Mrs. Nelson decided, "If he reacted to her in a loving way, if he knew her and ran to her, we would know she was someone whom he could accept and love. But Ben was in court with us the entire day, and when she walked in and called his name, he looked up, then went right back to his coloring." Nonetheless, a district court in Iowa has ruled that the Nelsons must give the boy up; they are appealing.

Le Thi Sang, 32, a Vietnamese woman now working as a hotel cleaning worker in Ohio, is seeking her son, Le Tuan Anh, 7, who lives with a California family. Says Sang: "I telephoned, but the other lady says she doesn't want me to talk with him. She says I must speak English, and I do and she answers for him. I cry. I cry."



CHILDREN OGLE THE PONDEROUS PACHYDERMS OF CIRCUS VARGAS IN BURBANK, CALIF.

AMERICAN SCENE

The Circus: Escaping into the Past

A three-ring sawdust devotee since he was a child, TIME Correspondent James Wilde visited the traveling Circus Vargas when it stopped in Burbank, Calif. His report:

It was "cherry pie" time—circus lingo for an emergency. The trucks carrying the big tent had broken down, and by the time they rolled into downtown Burbank, only five hours remained before show time. Members of all 22 acts ran to help out: clowns, barkers, aerialists, animal trainers, tightrope walkers, acrobats, and Colonel Wallace Ross and his elephants ("ninety-thousand pounds of pachyderms"). Local kids were joining in, lured by the promise of free tickets.

Tired Tiger. For three hours, the bizarrely assorted crew sweated and struggled to raise the 17,508 sq. ft. of brilliant orange canvas in time for the evening's performance. All the while, a small, bearded figure zipped frantically through the melee, hauling on ropes, testing wires and worrying about the wind—and about the chance that a bull elephant might turn catastrophically amorous. When the tent was finally up, Impresario Clifford Vargas glanced aloft and declared with satisfaction: "We are the biggest big top in America."

Circus Vargas' big tent, glowing in the night like an amber mountain, is a cheerful atavism, a reminder of a time when Americans huddled happily on benches under canvas, eating cotton candy and peanuts and staring at the marvels occurring in the three rings before them. Now the Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus ("the greatest show on earth") plays only indoor are-

nas, driven to cover by the extraordinary expense of raising the big top and creating its own city wherever it goes. Only 18 American circuses are still under canvas, and most are little more than carnivals with a tired tiger or two, barnstorming in a few battered trucks.

Three other shows are in the same class as Circus Vargas: Clyde Beatty-Cole Bros., Carson-Barnes, and Hoxie Bros. According to Fred D. Pfennig Jr., former president of the Circus Historical Society, Vargas is a traditional circus of outstanding quality, and the "unique thing about it is its perpetual migration across the country."

A circus that did not migrate would not be much of a show to Vargas—he crosses the country four times annually, visiting 100 cities and logging 35,000 miles a year. To Vargas, a circus that had no tent would be no circus at all. He spurns the indoor variety as "air-conditioned and sterile. The animals' smell is clouded with disinfectant, and there isn't even sawdust. It's like watching a movie."

From the moment he saw his first big top as a boy, Vargas' obsession was to have one of his own. After marking time as a Fuller Brush salesman and working for the Chicago zoo, in 1972 he bought a small circus that had no tent—a failing he corrected a year later. Says he: "I was starting from virtually nothing, but I knew what I wanted to do."

Doing it seems to require the logistical genius of a Hannibal, the showmanship of a Hurok and the business acumen of a Howard Hughes. A traveling circus has to put up with the whims of the weather, moody animals, occasionally avaricious police and fire de-

THE NATION

partments and frequently finicky bureaucrats who require a sheaf of licenses, clearances and permits.

"There were times when I actually came close to despair," says Vargas, who refuses to give his age because he feels it would bring bad luck. "The worst was in 1974, just outside of New Orleans. It rained for five days and we were floating in an ocean of mud. The high winds collapsed the tent, and it took three days for the elephants to pull out the stakes. Three elephants escaped into a swamp, and most of the trucks broke down. We faced the prospect of being beached forever. I hooked my diamond ring and got enough to get us rolling again. We got back to San José and the show clicked. We were on our way up at last."

Now Vargas has 33 trucks, a staff of 160, nine elephants, eight Andalusian horses, a net worth of over \$1 million and a debt of about \$150,000 that he is steadily reducing by packing in 5,000 people a night, usually in shopping centers. What the customers get for the price of admission (\$4.75 for adults, \$2.75 for children), is a fast-paced, two-hour show that features some of the best acts in the business.

On the afternoon Vargas shouted "cherry pie" in Burbank, the customers arrived to find a calliope thumping out *Thunder and Blazes*, a searchlight probing the sky, and an atmosphere redolent of popcorn, frankfurters and musky jungle game. The caged tigers roared, the chimps snarled and the wild, 700-lb. Syrian bears snuffled and muttered about the heat.

Sharp Spikes. The sideshow barkers extolled their wares: "Miss Delilah, the girl who thrives on electricity and smiles when we push the switch on her very own electric chair," and "El Diablo, the king of fire, the human volcano," and "the human blockhead who loves to pound large sharp spikes and razor-tipped awls into his skull."

When the show began, the Great Vashek did dizzying spins on a high wire near the tent's apex. Doris Naughtin smoothly handled the family's motorcycle-cling bears—one of whom had broken her husband's leg just three days before. Pat Anthony turned his eight lions and four tigers into tabbies. The aerial artists performed miracles with no safety net below. When 45 tons of elephants came thundering through the sawdust for the grand finale, the kids could almost reach out and touch their quivering flanks. The pachyderms reared up on their hind legs, unrolled their trunks, and trumpeted farewell.

"Goodbye, girls and boys, goodbye until next year," called out Ringmaster Vargas, resplendent in red tails, white riding breeches, gold-flowered waistcoat and black top hat with a gold band. He looked at the dazed delight on the faces of the children who were walking out. "For a moment," he said, "they have lived in a magic world. I wouldn't sell all this for \$10 million."

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Message to America

from French President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing

As one contribution to the U.S. Bicentennial, TIME has invited leaders of nations round the world to speak candidly to the American people through our pages on how they perceive America—its past, its future, its virtues, its faults, above all what they hope and expect from the U.S. in the years ahead. This letter to America, from Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, the President of France, is the first in this series:

America has always held an attraction for France, for its explorers, its navigators and its youth. French names bear witness to an ancient presence: Detroit, Cadillac, St. Louis, Louisville, Baton Rouge, New Orleans. More recent history associates us directly with the War of Independence and the birth of the American nation: Lafayette, Rochambeau, De Grasse, D'Estaing . . . You are celebrating a Bicentennial that also marks 200 years of Franco-American alliance and friendship. The United States and France have never opposed each other in any conflict. They fought side by side in two World Wars. "There can be no doubt whatsoever," General de Gaulle said to President Kennedy, "of the necessary solidarity that unites our two peoples for better or worse."

How do the French see America? As an attractive, animated drawing that tends to be simplistic, just like any image that one people conjures up about another. Pell-mell you would doubtless see the landing of the G.I.s in Normandy, Roosevelt, Ike and Kennedy, Wall Street, cavalcades of Indians in the Far West, Al Capone, Marilyn Monroe, Marlon Brando, Muhammad Ali, pretty majorettes, *West Side Story*, bourbon and Coca-Cola, man's first steps on the moon—with a musical background of Louis Armstrong and Duke Ellington.

More seriously, in the space of two centuries, 13 colonies in revolt became the foremost world power after spreading over a whole continent, absorbing and melding refugees from all nations and transforming them into genuine Americans. This prodigious epic unfolded in liberty and through liberty. It was rooted in a democratic Constitution, which, with a few amendments, has remained both in letter and spirit the same as the one that was written by the founding fathers.

America, therefore, is power, space, democracy. It is the land of every experiment, of every curiosity, even of every excess, all absorbed finally in the crucible of progress, just as all those people of diverse ethnic origins were absorbed who came to the New World, often to find refuge, always to find a field for their energy and their imagination. You have remained in many respects a nation of pioneers, and your society retains an exceptional dynamism. To quote Tocqueville, whose thought has been a shaping influence on our liberal society: "The idea of what is new is intimately linked in America with the idea of what is better." America means enterprise, initiative, movement, and also organization and efficiency. All this does not come without a certain roughness—softened by an ever available hospitality and boundless generosity.

Like any other nation, America has also the faults of its

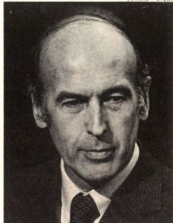
qualities. Power invites a desire to command: it is quicker and surer to impose than attempt to convince, even with one's closest partners. One is comfortable at home when one has the resources of a vast continent at his disposal, so why bother with others? Hence a cyclical tendency toward withdrawal, isolation. The "American citizens first" treatment that shocks the foreigner landing for the first time in the U.S. tends sometimes to become "American citizens only." This attitude leads to fits of protectionism, a certain refusal to abide by international constraints, the almost unconscious notion that the law voted by the Congress takes precedence over treaties and other international agreements. It leads also to a disregard for others and what is happening elsewhere, and to hasty judgments in complex situations that do not fit American norms. As a result, American diplomacy has often groped for a path between an isolationism inspired by the continental character of the country and a missionarism born of the temptation to define good and evil for the rest of the world.

Some people believe that they have detected symptoms of disarray in this people which is generally prosperous and justifiably proud of itself. It would seem that you have begun to question your identity, to reappraise your role in the world—in short, that you have ceased to believe in your destiny. This *malaise Américain* would be the sign of your incipient decline. I don't believe this at all. For, in my view, one of your country's dominant virtues, apart from its astonishing capacity for assimilation, is its prodigious resilience. After the terrible ordeal of the Civil War, it was able to rebuild itself in a few years. After Pearl Harbor, it mounted one of the most gigantic industrial and military efforts of all time. I have no doubt of a quick American recovery from the Viet Nam and Watergate crises. We all have a stake in it.

What we expect in the coming years of the United States, as soon as you have emerged from the uncertainties of this election, is clear:

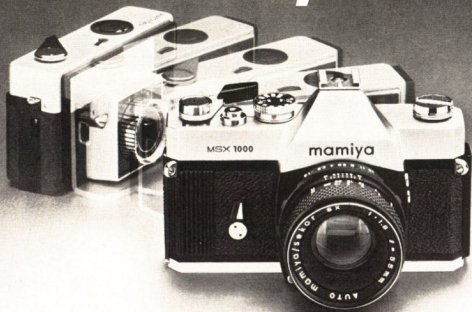
- 1) The maintenance of a commitment to the defense of the Western world. Vigilance is a condition for peace and for any progress toward détente. It also supposes, of course, a national effort on the part of the countries involved.
- 2) An active contribution toward the restoration of an international monetary and financial order, without which the West's ability to pursue its progress and assure its world responsibilities would be jeopardized.
- 3) The frank acceptance of the effort to organize Europe as a political entity—friendly and allied, but invested with the power to make its own decisions.
- 4) An increased participation in the dialogue with the Third World. Institution of a more just and stable world order is the only possible way to prevent confrontations on a planetary scale.

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MIDDLE EAST

How to Break the Logjam?

The fresh wave of fighting that rolled across Lebanon last week abruptly shattered any expectations that the election of a new President to succeed embattled Suleiman Franjeh might open the way for a resolution to the country's 13-month civil war. If anything, the selection of Elias Sarkis, 51, by parliamentary deputies who were forced to brave bullets to cast their ballots seemed to lead only to heightened hostilities.

Moslem leftists, who had tried to block the election to protest Syrian pressure in favor of Sarkis and the Christian right, turned their anger on the deputies themselves. The villas of Assembly Speaker Kamal Assad and another legislator were burned down, and some deputies received assassination threats. Skirmishing and shellfire continued in both Beirut and the ravaged countryside. Even as President-elect Sarkis, currently the governor of Lebanon's Central Bank, held a traditional open house for well-wishers at his mountainside home at Hazmieh, the sound of artillery fire rattled through nearby hills.

Improved Prospects. In the broader arena of Middle East politics, however, Sarkis' election helped a diplomatic chain reaction involving decisions in Syria, Egypt, Saudi Arabia and perhaps even the U.S. that could improve prospects for peace in Lebanon and a permanent settlement in the Middle East as a whole. The complicated politicking revolves around a so-called Franjeh plan, which the incumbent President developed. Franjeh seeks to make Syria primarily responsible for security in Lebanon; Damascus, under his plan, would bring a halt to the fighting by first employing its own forces as peacemakers, then by rebuilding Lebanon's fractured gendarmerie and army. Saudi Arabia and the U.S., meanwhile, would be responsible for reconstruction of Lebanon's shattered economy.

The reason that the stubborn Franjeh agreed to Sarkis' early election, TIME Correspondent Wilton Wynn reported from Beirut, was to allow these nations, before they committed themselves to Franjeh's plan, to see who would be running Lebanon after him. But that does not mean, Franjeh's associates hasten to add, that he has committed himself to retiring before his own term officially ends on Sept. 23. Convinced that he will not leave office early, Lebanese wits last week were already predicting that Sarkis might resign before Franjeh ever does.

At least one element of the Fran-

jeh plan suddenly appeared to be falling into place last week. Saudi Arabia undertook the role of diplomatic buffer between Syria and Egypt, which have been feuding since last fall over Egypt's acceptance of Israeli disengagement in the Sinai. The Saudis invited prime ministers of both countries to Riyadh this week for discussions that may lead to an Arab summit in June.

Unable to Refuse. Neither Cairo nor Damascus could refuse the offer, in which the Saudis were joined by Kuwait. Egypt has long been dependent on the oil nations for financial aid, and Syria is rapidly becoming so. The Syrian economy has been squeezed by the loss of profitable transit trade to the Persian Gulf via Beirut's strangled port as well as by the influx of 300,000 Lebanese refugees into Syria. Additionally, Iraq recently choked off the flow of pipeline oil to Syria's big refinery at Homs. Part of this costly hassle over oil concerns prices; part is a result of the Lebanese war, in which the Iraqis support the leftist National Movement of Druze Leader Kamal Jumblatt.

Egypt has also been backing Jumblatt, mainly to offset Syrian support for Franjeh and the Christian right. Even a lukewarm Egyptian-Syrian rapprochement, as a result, would have significant repercussions in Lebanon. Jumblatt's fighters may soon hurt from a Syrian blockade of arms and ammunition to the left. The Jumblatt forces will suffer even more if Egyptian aid is withdrawn at Saudi behest. Beyond that the Syrians and the Saudis are now pressuring Palestinian Leader Yasser Arafat, who is backing Jumblatt, to disengage his potent forces from the fighting. Arafat also depends on the oil nations for financial assistance. So far, he has spurned their demands and even has begun publicly denouncing Syria for imposing the arms blockade. If, however, the oil states ultimately force the Palestinians to withdraw, the Lebanese left would be militarily destroyed.

Growing wary of a head-on confrontation with Syrian President Hafez Assad, Jumblatt has thus begun to soften his verbal attacks while still calling for a restructuring of the Lebanese government before the war can end. "Elias Sarkis is our friend," the Druze leader said soothingly last week. Sarkis, meanwhile, indicated he was willing to talk restructuring—but only after security has been restored. That, it now seems, must wait for more elements of the necessarily fragile chain of the Franjeh plan to successfully link together.



SARKIS ARRIVING FOR TALKS WITH FRANJEH



FRANJEH AT WARTIME OFFICE OUTSIDE BEIRUT



DEBRIS FROM RECENT FIGHTING

Christian Democrats: On a Shaky Unicycle

At a solemn civic ceremony in Italy's southern port city of Salerno recently, wartime resistance veterans, local dignitaries and somber-suited representatives of the major political parties assembled to observe the 31st anniversary of the Liberation. Suddenly, a gang of left-wing toughs charged into the Christian Democrats' contingent and seized and burned their party flags—as if they had no right to be there.

In movie theaters round the country the most talked-about new film is *Todo Modo* (In Every Way), a surrealist thriller built around a savage portrayal of the Christian Democratic leadership, including Aldo Moro, the country's Premier. In one scene, Marcello Mastroianni, playing a satanic priest, conducts a doom-laden spiritual retreat for the Christian Democratic chiefs, and snarls at them: "After 30 years in power, how much longer do you really think you have? You are all dead, can't you understand? Dead!"

The savaging of the country's lone great middle-of-the-road party—in art as well as life—has become almost a national political sport in mid-1970s Italy. If the Communists emerge from the June 20th parliamentary elections with a claim to national power, the fundamental cause will be the serious erosion of the Christian Democrats in the modern Italy that they very largely created. Today the party is maligned and ridiculed as never before—and from every corner of Italian society. Urban youths rail against it as sclerotic and establishmentarian. Women, swept up in a drive for legal abortion and other rights, have turned away from it as unresponsive to their needs. Middle-class Italians, once the party's backbone, grumble about its ineffectiveness and vulnerability to scandal and corruption. Italian editorial writers ceaselessly dissect the party's "crisis" and discover new symptoms of its *logoramento*—exhaustion.

DISSENSION AT CHRISTIAN DEMOCRATIC CONGRESS IN ROME LAST MARCH

At the same time, more and more Italians seem to have persuaded themselves, often reluctantly, that the only way to deal with Italy's economic drift and political scandals is to rap the Christian Democrats with a Communist vote. In local and municipal elections last June, Italy's self-confident Communists won almost 34% of the vote, compared with just above 35% for the Christian Democrats. Since then, the Christian Democrats, though thoroughly aroused to their plight, scarcely seem to have recovered any political ground. Says Small Businessman Eugenio Buontempo of Naples, reflecting the resigned attitude of millions of his countrymen: "We've tried everything else; we might as well try the Communists." Gianni Agnelli, head of the giant Fiat company and Italy's foremost industrialist, describes the Christian Democratic government today as "confused" and "incapable."

Improbable Beginning. Those have not always been apt adjectives for Italy's Christian Democrats, who have held national power longer than any other Western European party—and with considerable benefit for Italy. Then how to account for the party's steep decline, a slide that poses serious questions not only for the long-term survival of democracy in Italy but for the future of NATO and the European Community as well?

Improbable as it seems to many of its present-day critics, the party started out as a genuinely reformist movement. Established early in this century by a populist priest from Sicily, Don Luigi Sturzo, the Christian Democratic movement was the first mass-based Catholic party in Italy. Dissolved by Mussolini and revived after World War II, the party reached its greatest national strength in the late 1940s. Under Sturzo's protégé Alcide de Gasperi, it held an absolute majority of seats in the Chamber of Deputies and expelled the Communists from

De Gasperi's fourth postwar unity Cabinet. The party rode the popular idealism of Italy's return to democracy. Many of its leaders had been persecuted by Mussolini's Fascists, and served in the Resistance; their return to power seemed to usher in a genuinely liberal, reformist era. For example, in the brooding, once impoverished Polesine, the Po River delta south of Venice, the Christian Democrats were able to wrest power from the Marxists by pressing a vigorous land-to-the-tillers program. The party spent lavishly on flood control, construction of barns and houses, and equipment for mechanized farming. Industrialization gradually transformed the purely agricultural character of the



MASTROIANNI AS PRIEST (RIGHT) HEARING OUT

Polesine, creating a modern working class and urban prosperity.

Similar developments took place elsewhere in Italy. Using a combination of Christian moral ideals and political realism, the party shepherded the country through a long period of tricky and often wrenching social change, while managing to maintain social peace. Says Rome University Sociologist Franco Ferrarotti, a former "independent left" Deputy: "If I were a Christian Democrat, I would point out the undeniable facts of recent history—We took in our arms a country with homes destroyed, with streets in the air, with unemployment between 6 million and 7 million—the worst in Europe, and perhaps in the world. Then, in less than 20 years, even if it was allowed to take place in a



THE WORLD

wild way, this country underwent an industrial transformation that required nothing less than two centuries in other countries, like Britain."

Some of the chief accomplishments: an excellent system of superhighways, universities open to all high school graduates, a free compulsory education program that virtually eliminated illiteracy, a comprehensive rural electrification program and a G.N.P. that grew from \$11.6 billion in 1948 to \$165.2 billion last year. At the same time, Christian Democratic governments presided over an epic migration of some 11 million Italians from the sere poverty of the rural south and east to new jobs and new lives in the industrial north and west.

While managing—mostly successfully—a period of massive social change, the Christian Democrats also got caught in a political dilemma that is unique in Western democracy. In 30 years they never went into opposition, primarily



ITALIAN YOUTHS DURING ANTI-GOVERNMENT DEMONSTRATION IN ROME
"You are all dead. Can't you understand? Dead!"



PREMIER IN NEW FILM *TODO MODO*

because their only effective rival, the Communists, always seemed too drastic an alternative to most Italians. Thus Italy, reports TIME's Rome Bureau Chief Jordan Bonfante, "became a political unicycle without a spare tire. Denied the reinvigoration and change that periods in opposition allow, the Christian Democrats literally got stuck in power. As its leaders are fond of complaining, they became 'doomed to govern.'"

Along the way, much of the party's original idealism became overlaid with the negligence, arrogance and corruption that led to the Communists' big electoral gains—and exposed the party's present weaknesses:

FEUDING FIEFS. Following De Gasperi's death in 1954, the party began to divide up along ideological and geo-

graphical lines into jealous fiefs ruled by various political princes. The factions stood together during elections but resumed a debilitating power struggle once the votes had been counted. Today, for instance, the most powerful group, the conservative *Dorotei*, "owns" about 27% of the party's membership, while the left-wing, urban-based *Forze Nuove* has 10%. Overall, the party is divided into two roughly equal, opposing camps, one old-guard conservative and the other comparatively youthful and progressive. In this standoff situation, pivotal power is usually held by Aldo Moro's *Morotei* faction, which commands only 8% of the party membership but has enough swing-seat muscle to control the top government jobs.

The party's shifting and sometimes unstable factional alliances have led to the revolving-door premierships that have long plagued the country. Moro has been Premier five times, Mariano Rumor five times, and current President Giovanni Leone twice.

Some local bosses maintain a sort of closed party shop, stuffing the membership rolls with cronies—or, as party reformers themselves say, even the names of dead people, for whom they pay membership dues. The result has been an entrenched elite, inured to change and the claims to power of young, reformist members. Complains Giovanni Prandini, 36, a Christian Democratic Deputy from Brescia: "The whole party is designed and built for the indefinite preservation of power, not its passage. It is organized in a strict oligarchy that blocks the young, either by compromising or suffocating them."

CLIPBOARD POLITICIANS. In its postwar heyday, party and people communicated through Catholic Action and other church-connected grassroots social organizations operating all over the country. But in the 1960s, as the clipboard-carrying technocrats who followed De Gasperi became absorbed in managing Italy's then burgeoning econ-

omy, the party's power base gradually shifted to an equally burgeoning *sottogoverno*, an "undergovernment" of state-controlled industries and agencies commanding power and patronage in virtually every area of Italian life. Eventually this machine came to be used to maintain power for its own sake, and the Christian Democrats' era of scandal began.

While only the most spectacular cases, such as the Lockheed payoff accusations, make headlines abroad, Italians are regularly treated to other stories of political chicanery, like the recent discovery of the names of several lawyers and merchants on the rolls of the Naples sanitation department, which paid them salaries though they never so much as touched a broom.

Certainly the Communists themselves have not been completely immune from scandal. In Parma recently two Communists were implicated in a zoning and construction scandal, and in Casoria, near Naples, two more have been charged with taking bribes from a supermarket chain. Nevertheless, as the party in power, the Christian Democrats naturally have been tarred the most. As the country's public payroll swelled to more than 2 million—about one government employee for every 27 citizens—the bureaucracy became hopelessly inefficient. One example: so many unpaid indemnity claims remain from World War II that, at the present rate of processing, the paper shufflers in Rome will not get to the bottom of the pile until the year 2033.

MISSED REFORMS. In the early 1960s, when it began to govern through center-left coalitions with the Socialists, the party embarked on an ambitious program of reforms intended to yank social issues away from the Communists. But most of the plans—for new schools, hospitals, housing, public transport—never left the drawing boards, often because some party chieftain or swash-buckler from the *sottogoverno* found a

THE WORLD

reason why a project might infringe on his interests. Result: an opening for far-left politicians to claim that, as Communist Union Official Alessandro Curzi puts it, "the Christian Democrats cannot bring themselves to overcome a conflict of interest for the general welfare."

Still, for all of these shortcomings, it is difficult to blame the Christian Democrats wholly for their basic political problem, which is that they have not kept abreast of the changes in Italian society that they themselves helped to stir up. The more Italy became industrialized and urbanized, the more the party lost touch with its original natural constituency. In newly industrial-

ized areas like the Polesine and the southern steel city of Taranto, the party faces a cruel irony: as young, church-going peasants moved off the farms and into the factories created by Christian Democratic policies, they tended to turn left politically. Concedes Giulio Veronesi, 44, a Polesine Christian Democratic leader: "Our problem is that we have no organization representing us in the factory shop, in the schools, wherever people are massed together—nothing to match the Marxist unions."

Searching Hard. One early indicator of the peril that the Christian Democrats faced in the new Italy they created came in the "hot autumn" of 1969 when the unions, influenced by the previous year's student-worker "revolution" in France, launched a campaign of strikes that shattered the social peace of the country. Then, two years ago, the Christian Democrats made a serious miscalculation by forcing the divorce question into a national referendum, which both exposed them to a humiliating defeat and cost them needed support among progressive Catholics. In the regional elections last June, the party lost its all-important monopoly on local patronage: Christian Democrats were toppled in Turin, Milan, the Piedmont region—indeed, in every major municipal administration except Rome and Palermo.

At the same time, party strength in some other old bastions has been crumbling fast. The judicial system, once a Christian Democratic preserve, has had an influx of aggressive young magistrates who are not inclined to spare the party in their investigative zeal. Even higher-ranking army officers are no longer automatically anti-left. As a Communist parliamentary floor leader, Alessandro Natta, accurately observes, "The whole hierarchy of national powers has been slipping out of their hands."

As a consequence, many Christian Democrats have been searching hard for a way to rejuvenate the party. For a while, in fact, it appeared that reformists intent on bringing in new leaders had gained the upper hand over the party's old guard. One sign was the election last July of Benigno Zaccagnini, 64, an appealing, conciliatory former pediatrician from Ravenna, as party secre-

tary in place of the irascible, fervently conservative Amintore Fanfani.

Zaccagnini's backers began drafting plans for reshaping the Italian economy—less emphasis on cars, TVs and other private consumer goods, more on those neglected mass-transportation facilities, hospitals and schools—and overhauling the party bureaucracy. But the reformist drive has now virtually halted because of the early elections; there is too little time for the party to launch the kind of thoroughgoing program that will regain the confidence of the unions and entice the breakaway Socialists back into another center-left coalition.

But later on, possibly only after another chastening election humiliation, some Christian Democrats see a broad if necessarily gradual renewal, either in an uneasy coalition with the left or in opposition to a Communist-dominated government. "It's the logic of the democratic system to go into opposition," argues Industry Minister Carlo Donat Cattin, 56, the leader of the *Forza Nuova* faction. "That's how the system defends and regenerates itself." Even so, there is an obvious hitch: the possibility that the Christian Democrats might stay in opposition for good if the Communists turn out to be less than the committed democrats they profess to be. Says Donat Cattin with a rueful smile: "This is the little problem that's before us."

A Hope. Many Christian Democrats believe that the party—or Italy, for that matter—will not have to face that problem this spring after all. They are persuaded that the Communists will not do as well this June as they did in last year's local elections. To a great extent, the Communists' success back then was due to a large protest vote. But the issue this time, notes Tourism Minister Adolfo Sarti, "is not Communists but Communism. The Italian knows the difference." Sarti believes that the Christian Democrats will hold on to their current 267 seats in the Chamber of Deputies because of a deep-seated conviction among Italians that "the Christian Democrats can defend the fundamental values—liberty and the West."

Finally, there is a widespread belief—or at least a hope—that the Christian Democrats may yet find hidden reserves of political resiliency. "I don't believe that this is a death agony," says Sociologist Franco Ferrarotti. He points out that the party has survived other crises, including, in 1960, a short-lived flirtation with an alliance with neo-Fascists and a brush with civil disorder after the police fired on a crowd of demonstrators. Says Ferrarotti: "These comebacks show that there is an underlying resiliency. With an uncanny ability to reconcile opposing and contrasting positions in its own ranks, the party not only survived but came out on top." Whether or not it can do so again is clearly the greatest test yet to face the party that until now has been virtually synonymous with government in Italy.

PRESIDENT GIOVANNI LEONE



FORMER PREMIER MARIANO RUMOR



AMINTORE FANFANI & BENIGNO ZACCAGNINI



PREMIER ALDO MORO





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BRITAIN

Callaghan: Winning the Battle

British Prime Minister James Callaghan's Labor Cabinet is six weeks old, and "Sunny Jim" is still enjoying an early crest of popular approval. Some of that can be traced to his government's success in negotiating a second-phase pay increase limit with the country's trade unions that is designed to halve Britain's critical inflation rate to about 6% by the end of next year. Another Callaghan asset is his personal openness and ebullience. At his new official home at No. 10 Downing Street, he tells visitors that he feels like a cardinal who has suddenly been named Pope: "God has given me the papacy. Now I propose to enjoy it."

Last week Callaghan discussed Britain and the world as he sees it from his new vantage point with Time Inc. Editor in Chief Hedley Donovan, TIME Managing Editor Henry Anatole Grunwald and London Bureau Chief Herman Nickel. Excerpts:

THE ECONOMIC STRUGGLE. Just a year ago people were saying that this country was ungovernable. It was never true. Trade unions have a great understanding of the employers' difficulties and the employers of what is possible for the unions. It is a great tribute that people are apparently willing to accept a genuine cut in their standard of living for the second year in succession. But the recent wage settlement is only one part of it; we've won the battle, but we haven't won the war.

The trade figures are not going to improve very much, because import prices are going up quicker than export prices. But we've got a real prospect now in the export markets. One fortunate thing is that the American economy is now taking off again.

Our internal budget deficit can be financed this year, but the crunch is going to come next year when industry will be needing more resources for investment, and that will come into competition with the government program. We are restraining the increase in public spending, but I don't want to destroy our growing sense of social cohesion by cutting into programs for education, health or pensions; so what we've got to go for is a fast rate of growth, mainly through exports.

To be frank, we shall also have to look again next year at problems such as pay differentials, and industry tells me that middle managers are feeling they're not getting the rewards that they would get elsewhere. These problems built up during two years of rigid incomes policy. In the long run, I would like to think that unions and employers would themselves work out a policy for pay and incomes so that the government need not step in, that each would recognize what they can take out of the

kitty. I think this common assent has been the great success of the German economy.

THAT LOSER MENTALITY. What we need is not so much a change in economic policy as changes in attitudes. This country has felt too long that it has been on the losing side. Well, I think that a country which can be self-supporting in energy (as we shall be in 1980), a country which has skilled scientific manpower and a technological base, a country that has a self-disciplined population—don't tell me that this country can't succeed. Of course it can. We've got to give our people confidence that there is something on the other side of the hill and stop the loser mentality.

THE BRITISH AS EUROPEANS. I'm not lukewarm on Europe. But I'm lukewarm about some of the schemes that are proposed more for the sake of uniformity than unity, like whether only eviscerated chickens must be sold within all countries. On the question of direct elections for a European Parliament, we have said we shall go on with it. But if Britain is to have only 36 members in the European Assembly, which is the latest French proposal, stretched over the entire United Kingdom, you won't get any personal link between the member and his constituents. I would sooner go on nominating them from our Parliament than have elections on that basis.

It is this kind of practical consideration that gives us the reputation of being bad Europeans. We think we're just practical about these things. And, of course, when I first came in [as For-

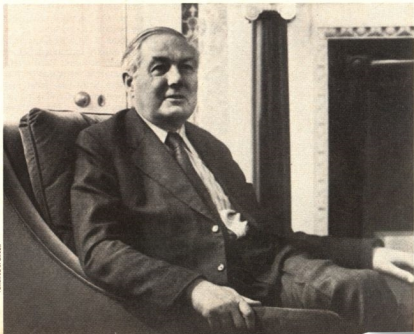
eign Secretary in 1974], there was, in some quarters, a very strong anti-American slant which I find distasteful. That, I think, has evaporated completely now.

We shall have the presidency of the Community, probably, on January 1 next year, and I have already strengthened the foreign office team with a view to considering what Britain can do. But I am not interested in gimmicks for gimmicks' sake.

THE WEST AND AFRICA. I think Henry Kissinger has made America's position absolutely clear and will have favorably affected the attitude of Africa to the U.S. For the U.S., that is not an unimportant consideration. Now the touchstone by which it will be judged, to a large extent, will be the repeal of the Byrd Amendment [permitting the U.S. to import chrome from Rhodesia]. The repeal of it is essential if you are to put your money where your mouth is. I do not wish to interfere in any way with the discretion of Congress, but as a friend of America, I would say most strongly that it would be in America's long-term interest to do this.

THE SPECIAL RELATIONSHIP. Of course it is special. I am not claiming a relationship with the U.S. that France or Germany do not have. But to me, the special relationship is that I sit down with an American and can discuss matters from a common viewpoint. I think that's one of the reasons Henry [Kissinger] and I got on so well. He used to say to me that when he came to London he got a sort of world outlook as he did in Washington. That is bound to create a special relationship between us. America, thank God, is recovering its self-confidence. If America loses its self-confidence, then the Western world is in bad shape.

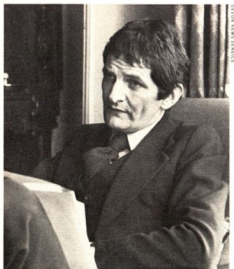
THE NEW PRIME MINISTER JAMES CALLAGHAN AT NO. 10 DOWNING STREET



TERENCE FARRELL



THORPE (CENTER) AFTER RESIGNATION



SCOTT AT PRESS CONFERENCE
Bad news festers.

Thorpe: Casualty of a Cover-Up

It was yet a fresh warning that for a politician, a cover-up, or even the appearance of one, can prove more fatal than the original problem. Buried, had news festers; promptly addressed, it may perhaps be cauterized and survived.

The affair this time was Jeremy Thorpe, 47, for nine years leader of Britain's gadfly Liberal Party and at one time one of the most enterprising figures on the British political scene, a bowler-hatted Etonian who would slog through department stores and cow pastures to greet voters and was a Fleet Street favorite. Yet for more than four months, Thorpe had been politically besieged because of allegations that he had been involved in a homosexual relationship in the early 1960s—a charge that, it gradually became clear, either Thorpe or some of his well-meaning but inept friends had been trying to suppress with cash payments since 1968 and, ultimately, with lies. Last week, as key members of his own party began deserting him, Thorpe quit as party chief, maintaining his innocence and blaming the whole affair on a "sustained witch hunt" against him.

Wild Allegation. Thorpe's alleged homosexual affair first splashed across the headlines in January, when an unemployed model on trial for a social security fraud, Norman Scott, 35, blurted out in court that he was "being hounded because of my sexual relationship to Jeremy Thorpe." The Liberal leader immediately asserted that "there is no truth to Mr. Scott's wild allegation" but admitted that he had known Scott more than a decade ago. Thorpe said he met Scott, then 19, when he was training horses for a landowner acquaintance of Thorpe's. A year later, Thorpe and his family befriended the boy after he suffered a nervous breakdown. Yet Scott stuck by his story, later insisting that he thought he was "going to live with Thorpe and be cared for by him."

Stories about a Thorpe-Scott relationship had quietly circulated before, and in 1971, with Scotland Yard's help, they were privately investigated by Liberal Party elders. Scott was questioned about his accusations and collapsed under cross-examination. The Liberal leaders then accepted Thorpe's denial. When Scott trumpeted his story this year, former Liberal Chief Whip Cyril Smith immediately pronounced it "ludicrous." But next day Thorpe's credibility suffered a major jolt when his longtime friend Peter Bessell, a former Liberal M.P. who moved to the U.S. in 1974 following a financial scrape in Britain, admitted that he had paid Scott a "retainer" of \$15 to \$30 every week or so from 1968 to 1970. Bessell insisted that he, not Thorpe, was the target of extortion by Scott, explaining that Scott had learned of a liaison Bessell once had with a secretary. Nonetheless, Thorpe

repeated a promise to his shaken comrades to step down if the Scott matter became a serious embarrassment, and the Liberals—perhaps eying two important by-elections in March—voted their "continued support."

The affair quieted down for a month. Then, in early March, David Holmes, another Thorpe chum and former Liberal official, volunteered that he had paid Scott \$7,000 just before Britain's Feb. 1974 general elections "without the knowledge" of Thorpe. Party Whip Smith, never a close ally of Thorpe's, pointedly told a TV interviewer that he was "frightened by what may yet come out." But Thorpe stood by his insistence that Scott's allegations were "pure moonshine."

Another brief calm ensued until two weeks ago, when Bessell, hounded by British reporters at his home in California, undermined most of the Thorpe defense. He admitted that his blackmail tale had been a "cover-up . . . to prevent Scott from standing up in court and making statements about Jeremy. The whole idea was to make Scott shut his mouth."

Thorpe's parliamentary colleagues were aghast. When one Liberal M.P. publicly asked why Thorpe did not sue for libel if the charges were groundless, the party chief's puzzling explanation was that since Scott had no money he had no hope of collecting damages. In a last attempt to prove the innocence of his relationship with Scott, Thorpe released letters he had written to him in 1961 and 1962. They failed to allay all doubts. One letter, for instance, was signed tenderly: "Yours affectionately, Jeremy. I miss you." The following day, Thorpe wrote another letter, resigning his post as party leader.

Credibility Challenged. In the end, Thorpe had to go because, said the *Guardian* in a sympathetic editorial, his own colleagues had, "privately or publicly, challenged his credibility." Thorpe might possibly have saved himself had he immediately come clean on the whole business. Even if he had had no sexual relationship with Scott and knew nothing of the cash payments to the model, he erred in not investigating and exposing his friends' inept attempts to protect him. His failure to do so gave the damaging impression that Thorpe was engaged in a cover-up—as he may have been.

Scott, to be sure, was not Thorpe's only political problem. His electoral fortunes peaked in the Feb. 1974 election, when he lured enough discontented voters from both Labor and the Tories to poll an impressive 20% of the vote and won, with just 14 seats in the Commons, what looked like an ideal position on the pivot of power. But Thorpe decided against bringing the Liberals into government for the first time in 44 years

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and turned down a Tory bid to join them in a coalition.

Since then, the Liberals have lost much of their brief mid-1970s' flash and glitter, and another revival is not likely any time soon. Thorpe's interim replacement as party leader is Jo Grimond, 62, a veteran Liberal warhorse who headed the party from 1956 to 1967. His stewardship will be brief, plagued by increasing deafness, he is willing to serve only until midsummer, when a new Liberal leader will be selected in a process that may be bitter and divisive and could further postpone the new dawn that dapper Jeremy Thorpe once promised to bring the Liberals.

FRANCE

Murder in Paris

It was a few minutes before 1 p.m. one day last week when the Bolivian Ambassador to France, Joaquim Zenteno Anaya, 55, left his Paris embassy at 12 Avenue du Président Kennedy for lunch. Strolling along the right bank of the Seine toward his blue sedan, he failed to notice two men wearing sunglasses, who picked up stride behind him. Suddenly, one of them, a husky six-footer in a beret, caught up. He pulled out a 7.65-mm. pistol and fired three shots at point-blank range, hitting Zenteno in the head and back. As the killers ran away, the ambassador fell dead to the sidewalk.

Two hours later an anonymous spokesman telephoned a French news agency to claim the assassination for a group calling itself the Che Guevara International Brigade. The killing, he said, had been timed to approximate the anniversary of the May 8, 1945 surrender of Hitler's forces in Europe because Zenteno had supported Bolivia's refusal to extradite Klaus Barbie, the former Gestapo chief of Lyon, on France's request. Furthermore, the caller added, the dapper ambassador was marked for death because in 1967, as a Bolivian colonel, he had supervised the CIA-trained forces that tracked down and killed Fidel Castro's roving revolutionary Che Guevara, a martyr in many versions of leftist scripture. The gun used in the assassination, said the spokesman, was the same one used last October in Paris in an unsuccessful attempt on the life of a Spanish military attaché. French ballistics experts tentatively confirmed the claim.

Little Fear. French police had never heard of the Guevara Brigade before, but then they have not been very diligent in keeping track of such things. Until recently, operatives belonging to all manner of terrorist groups had wandered through Paris with little fear of trouble from *les flics*; the French government had been trying to maintain friendly relations with all Arab countries and their many, often violent, po-

litical factions and had hoped Paris would become a kind of fire-free zone that would be spared the terrorism troubling other European cities.

The policy obviously failed. Including the Zenteno shooting, in the past 18 months there have been five assassination attempts on Paris-based diplomats, three of them successful. France is now cracking down on terrorists, but the task is likely to prove difficult. That much became clear when, two days after the Zenteno murder, Jacques Chaine, president of the Crédit Lyonnais, France's second largest bank, was shot and killed by a young French shipyard welder who then killed himself. Police said, however, the two incidents were unrelated.

WEST GERMANY

Disciple of Despair

If Ulrike Meinhof had ever read Lenin's diatribes against "the tactics of despair"—meaning violent anarchism, which he saw as the self-defeating actions of "a petty bourgeois driven to frenzy"—she gave little sign of it. As co-leader and theoretician of West Germany's notorious Baader-Meinhof gang of far-left terrorists, she and her henchmen blasted a gory path of bombings, bank robberies and shootouts that continued even after her capture in 1972. Last week Meinhof used desperation's last resort against herself. Guards at Stuttgart's Stammheim prison, where she, along with three fellow terrorists, had been confined for a year, found Meinhof hanging from her cell window, a makeshift rope of towelings around her neck.

The suicide was the latest turn in the longest, most sensational terrorist

trial that West Germany has known. The daughter of a museum director and once a prominent left-wing journalist, Meinhof, 41, already stood convicted of attempted murder in a 1970 prison raid that freed the gang's other namesake, Aronson Andreas Baader, and began their paramilitary spree. One year ago she, Baader, now 33, and two other gang members—Jan-Carl Raspe, 31, and Gudrun Ensslin, 33—went on trial for a list of charges that included five counts of murder and 54 of attempted murder. Other Baader-Meinhof members are among 220 terrorists also in West German prisons, but the group clearly has some colleagues on the outside. Since the trial began, remnants of the gang still at large and fellow terrorists have bombed the West German embassy in Stockholm, killing two diplomats, shot it out with police in Cologne, murdered a West Berlin supreme court judge, and kidnaped a leading West Berlin politician, whom they traded for the release of five Baader-Meinhof followers.

Special Precautions. Meinhof's death brought more violence. Police armed with water cannons fought a pitched battle with 600 rampaging demonstrators in Frankfurt and quelled more rumblings in West Berlin, Munich and other cities. A West German soldier whose sympathy, police suspect, belonged to the terrorists was critically injured when a bomb he was carrying exploded near the Munich studio of the American Forces Network. Other bombs went off in Paris and Rome. At week's end authorities were taking special precautions to ensure that the dwindling number of young Germans who still follow Meinhof's black flag of anarchy did not try to salute her burial in West Berlin with a bloody farewell.

ANARCHIST MEINHOF AT 1972 ARREST



FRANKFURT DEMONSTRATION LAST WEEK



SOVIET UNION

Those Georgia Rebels

The sunny, Transcaucasian Republic of Georgia might be described as the Sicily of the Soviet Union: a warm, wine-growing land whose 5 million, mostly dark-eyed inhabitants are known far and wide as clannish, passionate and shrewd. They are also notoriously unconcerned with the principles of socialism where making money is concerned. The Georgian penchant for private enterprise has long troubled Moscow, and lately its concern has been increasing. Over the past few months, a series of fires and bombings have racked Tbilisi, the capital, and, usually in typical veiled fashion, Communist officials admit that the region's entrepreneurs are fighting fiat with fire in resisting a 3½-year crackdown on their ruble-rousing ways.

The most recent incident occurred on April 12, when a bomb blew out windows in the building housing the Georgian Council of Ministers. Another explosion at an aircraft factory last fall injured two guards. A fire gutted the city's major children's store on the eve of the 25th Communist Party Congress last February, and other arson attacks have damaged the opera house, two film studios, a sports complex and the laboratory of Tbilisi's Agricultural Institute. The incidents, complained the Georgian party's Central Committee, were the work of "carriers of the evils of the past, striving to express their dissatisfaction in a most infamous fashion."

Blind Eye. The carriers seem to be resisting the broom-wielding administration of Eduard Shevardnadze, an austere former police chief who was made regional party boss in 1972, when private corruption threatened to engulf the entire local Communist organization. With officials turning a blind eye, profiteers had, among other things, been looting several large factories and selling their products on the black market. Capitalist-minded peasants had been loading flowers and produce aboard Aeroflot flights to Moscow, where they could be sold at large profit.

Shevardnadze instituted a thoroughgoing purge; at one party meeting, the story goes, he asked his colleagues to vote with their left hands, then demanded all the expensive foreign watches revealed on their raised arms. But Shevardnadze has not been able to curb all the wheeling and dealing in Georgia. Recently, Georgian Minister of Home Affairs Konstantin Ketiladze called for a "merciless fight" against profiteers and warned that "readers should not be under the false impression that the problem has been solved." The Kremlin's economic planners need no convincing: Georgia, where much of the people's effort is devoted to non-official pursuits, is a chronic laggard among Soviet republics in the official rankings of labor productivity.



RHODESIAN ARTILLERYMEN DURING DAILY WORKOUT IN SALISBURY

RHODESIA

Getting Ready for War

While much of black Africa welcomed Henry Kissinger's forthright declarations of support during his visit to the continent, there were increasing signs last week that the Secretary's denunciations of Ian Smith's white minority regime in Rhodesia had merely stiffened its resolve to settle the issue of majority rule on the battlefield. Said one Western diplomat in Nairobi of Kissinger's ten-point program to pressure Smith into resolving the crisis: "Had it come six months earlier, it might have saved the day in southern Africa. But Kissinger is far too late. He calls for negotiations when that stage has been passed and confrontation is already the order of the day."

To meet the growing guerrilla threat from black nationalists operating from across the Mozambique border, the Smith government has implemented domestic press censorship, announced the biggest military mobilization since the breakaway from Britain in 1965, and begun talking of an "offensive" strategy that suggests the possibility not only of civil war at home but also of air strikes against Mozambique. Said Lieut. General Peter Walls, Smith's army commander: "We are switching from contain-and-hold to search-and-destroy, and adopting hot pursuit when necessary." It was the Rhodesian bombing of a Mozambique village in February that led to the closing of the Mozambique border with Rhodesia and what President Samora Machel at the time called a "state of war."

Under the mobilization order, 20,000 reserves are now liable to call-up for indefinite periods of active duty. Before, reserves had been subject to

three or four call-ups a year, for a total of about four months. But now, said a Rhodesian official, "they'll stay in until they are stood down. It could be up to ten years." Salisbury also extended the draft from twelve to 18 months for all whites in the 18-to-25 age group. Since most jobs of any importance are held by whites, the mobilization will put further strains on the Rhodesian economy and add to the balance of payments deficit, which reached \$220 million last year—the worst since 1965.

The measures will mean more hardship for Rhodesia's blacks as well. Salisbury recently forced 2,000 Africans to move from their tribal homes in the southeastern border area near the scene of a brazen Easter Sunday attack by guerrillas, who killed three South African tourists and derailed a freight train. Hundreds of other blacks have been awakened in the middle of the night by security police to be questioned or hauled off to detention.

Political Winds. Back home from his two-week African tour, Kissinger found the Senate Foreign Relations Committee enthusiastic about his new African policy but skeptical of the Administration's ability to make good on all his pledges—particularly the Secretary's call for repeal of the Byrd amendment, which allows U.S. imports of Rhodesian chrome in violation of U.N. sanctions. When pressed on the chrome issue, Kissinger did not seem to respond very forcefully, reinforcing some Senators' fears that the matter may simply be shelved to avoid its becoming a possibly contentious campaign issue. New York's Senator Jacob Javits urged Kissinger to tell Ford "to stick to his guns on Africa and not be distracted by political winds." But at the moment, the Administration has no timetable for seeking Byrd amendment repeal.

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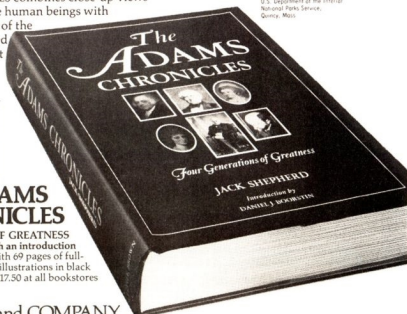


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Soccer Soars

Larry Day was nervous. It was only a practice game, but Larry, who is twelve, knew that a tough contest loomed. Besides, nearly his entire family would be watching—Brother Mike taking pictures, Sister Judy and Mother Phyllis cheering and providing oranges to cool off the 82° day in Seattle, and Father Dale, who once coached the team, offering encouragement.

A Little League ball game? No way. No. 4, Larry Day, was off to help his Federal Way United Tornado team take on the Auburn Checkmates in a soccer match. Following Coach John Young's instructions—"Make them run, then in the second half we'll break them open and score"—the Tornado won handily, 4-0, as Larry turned his nervousness into

across the turf. The U.S. Soccer Federation estimates that more than half a million youngsters play organized soccer and projects 3 million by 1980.

Why have the kids gone bonkers over soccer? Mainly because more of them can play it. The most appealing part of the game is its simplicity. In Atlanta, where there are 8,000 junior players, Y.M.C.A. Soccer League Coordinator Barry Christiansen explains: "Anybody can kick a ball. The kid doesn't have to be a certain size like football or basketball players." Other attractions are that kids need little equipment and are rarely badgered by overzealous parent-coaches. As in the pro leagues, no timeouts are allowed; once the game begins, the players are virtually on their own.

Youth acceptance of soccer has begun to make itself felt at colleges. At the University of Southern California, Soccer Coach Nuri Erturk gets at least 200 letters a year from students looking for soccer scholarships. While many of the better college teams are still stocked with foreign players, things are changing. Nine years ago, the U.C.L.A. team had 32 players from 22 countries. Now 75 per cent of the squad is American. One thing keeping more U.S. players off the top teams is that they generally lack the finesse of the foreigners.

The game is also on the verge of becoming a successful commercial venture. The North American Soccer League, just eight years old, already has 20 teams playing in four divisions and plans to add four more next year. Though many teams are still losing money, their owners are far from bailing out. Two years ago the L.A. Aztecs were on the block for \$150,000; now they are worth an even million, but the owners have rejected the bid. One of them, Pop Star-Soccer Freak Elton John, has brought George Best, onetime star forward for Manchester United, over from England to attract the local crowds. The biggest

league-round draw is the New York Cosmos' legendary Pelé. Average attendance in the league in its first four weeks is roughly 10,000. And that should be boosted when League Commissioner Phil Woosnam signs a two-year deal with CBS to broadcast at least 15 games.

Future Stars. Regardless of the network deal, the pro league can count on growth, with American youngsters offering a pool of future talent. Some day, perhaps, young women may play professionally. According to one Atlanta coach, "Girls have a better sense of position on the field and don't bunch up as the boys do." More likely, however, is that in a decade, Larry Day will be

joining the pros. After watching him last season, Seattle Sounder Defender Dave D'Errico marveled, "The only way you can stop him is to trip him." As far as Larry is concerned, his course is set. Says he: "I'd like to go to England to play in the off-season."

First-Rate, Second Best

"Second best" is the highest accolade the American Basketball Association has managed to earn in its nine-year struggle to gain equality with the National Basketball Association. Nonetheless, the caliber of performance in the A.B.A. championship play-off series that ended last week between the New York Nets and the Denver Nuggets was as good as anything the N.B.A. has ever produced. Forward Julius ("Dr. J") Erving of the Nets came on like a bionic man; he averaged 38 points a game and led both teams in rebounds, steals, assists and shots blocked. The Nuggets, in the finals for the first time, countered with a harmonious passing attack and aggressive defense to stop the Nets twice before finally losing to the two-time A.B.A. champs in the sixth game.

The 1976 A.B.A. championship series might well have been its last. The problem is money. The competition between the A.B.A. and the N.B.A. for talent has raised the average player's salary into the \$100,000 range—far above what gate receipts justify. Because, in part, the A.B.A. operates in smaller cities and has no national TV contract, four of the ten teams have folded in the past seven months. Right now the most realistic hope is a merger with the 18-team N.B.A., which would eliminate inflationary bidding for players. A.B.A. Commissioner Dave DeBusschere has already submitted a memorandum of proposed terms to Larry O'Brien, his N.B.A. counterpart. O'Brien is expected to respond next month.

JULIUS ERVING CARRIES THE NETS



JUNIOR PLAYERS IN SAN FRANCISCO

A kick for all kinds of kids.

sparkling, speedy play. After the game, it was home to watch the pro Seattle Sounders on TV. The only missing element in the otherwise perfect day: Grandma Irene, 78, was off in Portland, Ore., unable to use all her persuasive powers to move people out of her view of the field as she has been known to do.

On every level—junior (ages 6 to 19), college and pro—soccer is attracting thousands of families like the Days. In 1964 the American Youth Soccer Organization started in Torrance, Calif., with 100 boys and nine teams. Today the association has 4,100 teams in 14 states and 62,000 kids, including 15,000 girls, booting the checkered, leather balls

"I'll be off radio for a while, but there is nothing in the rumor that I am retiring. Nothing." So saying, **Lowell Thomas**, 84, informed listeners that he was delivering his last regular broadcast for CBS radio. Since he launched the country's first network news show in 1930, his mellow baritone "Good evening, everybody" and sonorous "So long until tomorrow" reached a cumulative audience once estimated at more than 100 billion. When not at the mike, he found time to write more than 50 books and build a communications corporation—Capital Cities—that controls a coast-to-coast string of radio and TV stations, several newspapers and Fairchild Publications, Inc. Apart from mentioning a brief skiing vacation and continuing work on his TV series, *Lowell Thomas Remembers*, the unretiring newsman refused to comment on his future. The reason: "People hear what you're planning and steal your ideas."

When the band failed to begin *Happily Birthday to You* on cue, a nervous p.r. man standing too close to the microphone grumbled, "Why the hell aren't they playing?" Apart from that minor gaffe, the world premiere of *That's Entertainment, Part 2*, and an accompanying 77th birthday party for dancer **Fred Astaire** came off without a missed step. The film, which like *Part 1* is a patchwork of old MGM movie clips, made its debut at Manhattan's Ziegfeld Theater with the help of a chorus line

of venerable hoofers (**Donald O'Connor**, 50, **Cyd Charisse**, 53, and **Marge Champion**, 52), one retired Tarzan (**Johnny Weissmuller**, 71) and a true MGM golden-ager, **Cary Grant**, 72. But the stars of the evening were the narrators of the film: Actor-Dancer **Gene Kelly**, 63, and **Astaire**, who later adjourned to a lavish postscreening birthday party to which 900 had been invited. The festivities were vintage Hollywood hoopla, and the old footwork flash was in his milieu. Said **Astaire**: "At Metro we got used to it."

That big one with the moustache is **Ben Davidson**, former defensive end with the Oakland Raiders and bit-part actor (clothed, in the porn classic *Behind the Green Door*). The little one he's holding is **Jim Bouton**, the ex-New York Yankee pitcher who threw curves at the baseball establishment with *Ball Four*, his 1970 book about drinking, dallying and other big-league peccadilloes. The two are preparing a fall TV series (titled *Ball Four*) in which Bouton portrays a so-so relief pitcher and Davidson plays a catcher named Rhino. How did a 6-ft. 7-in., 275-lb. ex-football star get a job in a comedy series about baseball? "He came in to audition and said he wanted the part. We didn't have the courage to say no," claims Bouton. And how is Davidson's acting? "Terrific," says Jim. Then he adds: "I try to get along with people who can lift me off the ground."

On the streets of Rome, she rides in a chauffeured limousine. But on TV commercials in Japan these days, Actress **Sophia Loren** travels more breezily—on a Honda motorbike. "We needed a softer image to promote the idea that bikes like ours are for ladies also," says a Honda spokesman, explaining why Loren, 41, was hired as Honda's first foreign huckstress. Sophia, who spent five days putt-putting for the cameras outside her Italian villa, now joins some other well-known Westerners who advertise wares on the Japanese tube. Among them: Actors **Charles Bronson** (men's cosmetics), **Orson Welles** (whisky) and **Peter Falk** (clothes). Her own work as motorbike saleswoman will earn Loren \$200,000 a year—surely enough to keep her chauffeured.

"The ladies who take pen in hand are not irresistibly attracted by the blue of my eyes," confessed Oil Tycoon **Jean Paul Getty**, who, after five wives, still receives marriage proposals by mail. "The magnetism I exert is of another color—green, the hue of my purported wealth." Small wonder, Getty, 83, in an introduction to his forthcoming autobiography, *As I See It*, estimates his net

BOUTON & DAVIDSON SHARE THEIR UPLIFTING ACT



HOOFERS ASTAIRE & KELLY ACT UP AT A BIRTHDAY PARTY



PEOPLE



SALESWOMAN LOREN WHEELS INTO JAPAN

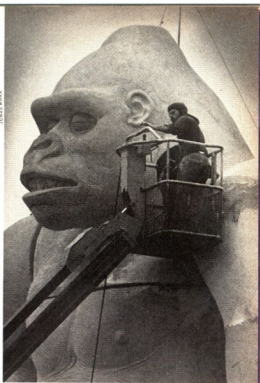


GETTY READIES HIS LAST GIVEAWAY

worth at well over \$1 billion and that of his family at "about twice again as much." J.P. disclosed that to avoid the sort of inheritance scramble that followed the death of Fellow Billionaire **Howard Hughes**, he "long ago" drafted a will consigning the bulk of his riches to charity. "I suffer no guilt complexes or conscience pangs about my wealth," added Getty. "The Lord may have been disproportionate, but that is how He—or nature, if you like—operates."

Her acting career began with a stint as TV's Chiquita Banana lady. The next time **Barbara Carrera** is seen peeling anything, however, it will be the clothes off her back in a new sci-fi epic titled *Embryo*. "I had a lot of qualms about it," she says of her nude scene with Co-Star **Rock Hudson**, a physician-researcher who cultivates Barbara from birth, so to speak, in his basement laboratory. In her role, the Nicaraguan-born actress grows quickly into the good doctor's lovestate, then a dope addict and finally a 120-year-old hag. Though she bares all in the movie, the actress is far from revealing about her age. "I've lied about it so long, I'd just like to keep it that way," she says. It is not 120.

No cuffs, please—at least not on the suit being tailored for Hollywood's newest screen giant. He is, after all, a 40-ft. mechanical gorilla named King Kong.



A TECHNICIAN MONKEYS WITH KING KONG'S STAND-IN

and after months of appalling technical problems, he is almost out of the woods and onto the sets of Producer **Dino De Laurentiis'** monster movie. While the \$3 million Kong endured some final tinkering on his hydraulic hands last week, workers began fitting his horsehair covering onto a wood-and-Styrofoam stand-in. Once the suit is transferred to the star, the unnailed ape will team up with Actors **Jeff Bridges** and **Jessica Lange** for the storied chase through Manhattan streets and a climb to the 110th floor of New York's World Trade Center. Because the cost of *King Kong* has escalated from \$13 million to \$22 million, De Laurentiis has already scheduled a sequel: *King Kong in Africa*. Who could afford to tell a \$3 million leading man that he's through?

Since the Marines rescued his ship and 39-man crew from Cambodian gunboats a year ago, *Mayaguez* Captain **Charles Miller** has had rough sailing. Though President Ford feted him as a hero after his release, Miller has been sued by some *Mayaguez* crew members who charge that he endangered their lives. Then last month his ship was fined \$3,000 for spilling bunker fuel into Hong Kong harbor. Last week, as the first anniversary of his capture neared, Miller, 63, had the *Mayaguez* headed for the Cambodian area once again. Just before he sailed from Bangkok, a terse cable from the U.S. State Department arrived. Citing the recent firing by shore batteries at an Italian freighter, the cable ordered Miller to stay 65 miles off Cambodia's mainland. "The way things are going," lamented Miller, "I ought to buy a farm and retire."



NEW AND OLD BUILDINGS ON NEW YORK CITY'S ROOSEVELT ISLAND



AERIAL TRAMWAY CROSSING EAST RIVER

MODERN LIVING

The Little Apple

Paris has its glittering Ile de la Cité on the Seine, Budapest its merry Margaret Island on the Danube. New York City also has an island in the stream that may someday be an equally stimulating place to live or visit. Known as Roosevelt Island (for F.D.R.), the 2.5-mile-long sliver of granite in the East River—formerly Welfare Island—served as a malodorous dumping ground for the wicked, the incurable and the insane. Today the islet is a burgeoning new community, only 300 yds. from Manhattan but psychologically light-years distant. This week convenience and mystique came together with the opening of a \$6 million aerial tramway—the first ever used for urban transit in the U.S.—that can waft 1,500 passengers an hour across the water.

Illustrious Prisoners. Manhattan's Other Island—it might be called the Little Apple—was planned as a green and spacious community that would combine insular serenity, small-town security and Manhattan-on-the-rock sophistication. Its appeal is mostly to young families who might otherwise head for the suburbs. Cars are banned from its winding Main Street (though electric minibuses run around the clock). Dogs are *verboten*. Old trees have been spared, eyesores torn down, and landmark buildings preserved—including the oldest wooden farmhouse in New York County, an octagonal tower that drew Charles Dickens' admiration, a lighthouse and a Victorian chapel that has become a community center. An infamous old prison has long since been demolished, leaving only the legends of its two most illustrious occupants: "Boss" Tweed, who served time in 1874 after mulcting the city of \$200 million; and

Mae West, who was gilded-caged for overacting in a 1927 play called—what else?—*Sex*. The new buildings are generously interlaced with parks and served by an imaginatively planned school. There is an abundance of recreational facilities.

The attractive development of Roosevelt Island, largely along the restrained, human lines laid down by Architect Philip Johnson, has been all the more remarkable, considering the astronomical value of its real estate: its 147 acres are worth up to \$1 billion. To forestall rapacious commercial exploitation, New York State's Urban Development Corporation in 1969 leased the island from the city for 99 years and has spent \$180 million on it. But development has been crimped by money shortages—and, until this week, by the fact that the only means of access was by a backdoor, time-consuming route across a bridge from Queens. Only 2,148 of the planned 5,000 apartments have been built; a town center, office building and hotel have been indefinitely postponed.

Still, Roosevelt Island already boasts 400 families, a delicatessen, a stationery store and bank, and leases have been signed for a restaurant, a liquor store and a laundry. In keeping with the original vision of a classless, integrated, ecumenical community, the four apartment buildings now standing range from federally assisted low-income housing (at \$421 for a four-bedroom apartment), to middle- and higher middle-income accommodations (from a \$297 studio to an \$887 three-bedroom duplex) to co-ops that are comparably priced with East Side Manhattan apartments.

The pioneering residents are delighted with their tranquil, crime-free existence but are concerned about the

changes that the tramway and a subway connection—planned for 1984—will bring. Chief Planner Diane Porter, 34, a savvy urbanologist who has worked on the island since 1971, has no such fears. "We are not just renting apartments," she says, "we are renting a whole life-style. It's a very small town, and you have to like people to live here. It's not the cold, anonymous place people think New York is." Meaning that no man who lives on one is an island—even in New York City.

Roosevelt Island's aerial tramway will operate from 6 a.m. to 2 a.m. daily, with departures every five minutes at rush hours. Last week Senior Writer Michael Demarest made a round-trip crossing on one of the two red cable cars. His report:

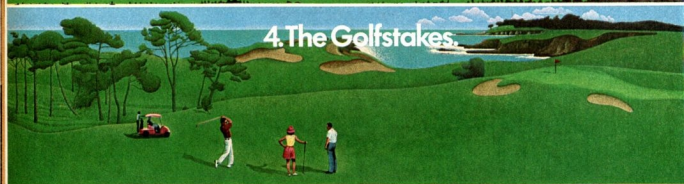
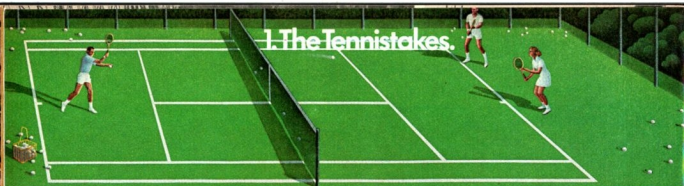
Cabin Two began its stately ascent noiselessly and almost imperceptibly. The 18,300-lb. C-2 reached a top speed of 16.3 m.p.h. and a peak altitude of 250 ft.—providing a spectacular view of the Manhattan skyline. We touched down on R.I. after a flight of 3,134 ft. and 3½ min. Each of the Swiss-built cars carries up to 125 straphangers, at 50¢ a head. In case of a power failure, a huge diesel auxiliary drive system on the island can be put into action within five minutes, says the island's chief engineer, David Ozerkis. If the tram's driving mechanism breaks down, a red steel cage can be run out from the island to disembark stranded passengers.

Wind speeds are constantly checked; service is stopped if gusts reach 45 m.p.h. On C-2's return trip, winds caused the tram to tilt 1° to starboard, according to the onboard inclinometer. "Not feeling seasick?" asked Engineer Ozerkis. "Or airsick?" If we had said yes, he would doubtless have passed out Trammine.

SEAGRAM'S CROWN ROYAL, BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY.
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Don't just say bon voyage. Guarantee it.



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Which of these sports do you go for? Enter that sweepstakes. Or, if you can't decide where the grass looks greener, enter all five. Each first prize, described below, includes \$1,000 spending money with travel and accommodations first class all the way. And each sweepstakes also has a second prize of \$1,000 and a third prize of \$500.

1. The Tennistakes offers a week-long trip for two to your choice of one of four Laver-Emerson Tennis Resorts. You can pick the time and climate to pick up tips on tennis from the greatest names in the game.

2. The Racingstakes takes two to the Derby. Not the one in Kentucky, but to its forerunner in England at Epsom Downs. This trip includes airfare to London, a week at the Savoy Hotel, theatre and Derby tickets and gives you a rental car (British racing green, of course) to take you to the races.

3. The Superstakes is a trip for two to the Super Bowl, coming up January 9th at the Rose Bowl, in Pasadena, with a week's stay at a Beverly Hills luxury hotel, and includes a side trip for a night in Las Vegas.

4. The Golfstakes takes two to the Del Monte Lodge at Pebble Beach, with a room overlooking the 18th hole and Carmel Bay. It includes the greens fees and the caddies for a week, and a dozen balls to whack into the green Pacific.

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2. Handprint your name, address, zip code on your entry, include with it the bottom panels from two packs of Benson & Hedges Menthol 100's or the words "Benson & Hedges Menthol 100's" hand-printed on a plain piece of paper.
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For list of winners, send stamped, self-addressed envelope to Benson & Hedges Winners List, P.O. Box 2494, Westbury, NY 11591.



Soft and hard pack

Benson & Hedges 100's
P.O. Box 2024, Westbury, N.Y. 11591
I want to go for Long Green
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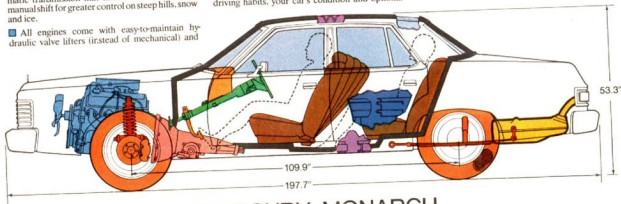
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Cooking Cancers

Cancer specialists have been attacking the killer disease with an ever widening variety of treatments. These include traditional surgery, X rays, drugs and radioactive elements—or combinations of them. This week doctors at Brooklyn's Veterans Administration Hospital reported initial success with a new weapon in the anticancer arsenal: high-frequency radio waves. By using the waves to heat cancerous tissue, they

rectly to the skin immediately above the tumors. The doses, lasting up to 30 minutes, never exceeded 25 watts—the power drawn by a small light bulb—per square inch. The lightly sedated patients generally felt no pain and did not suffer serious damage to skin or other tissue. Nonetheless, the radiation was strong enough to raise the temperature of the tumors ten to 20 degrees above the surrounding tissue.

In six cases of lung cancer, the treatments produced extensive destruction of malignant cells and noticeably improved the condition of the patients; four of them are still alive. In one cancer victim with an abdominal tumor six inches in diameter, the growth was shrunk to only 1½ inches; five months after it was removed, there was no detectable regrowth. One of the most impressive cases involved a patient with a cancerous kidney. Except for a small portion that had apparently been missed by the radio field, the entire tumor was destroyed.

LeVeen and his colleagues are understandably excited by their technique. In conjunction with other treatments like immunotherapy (TIME cover, March 19, 1973), it could provide a promising new weapon against substantial-sized tumors; it would not be effective against leukemia and other cancers involving widely dispersed malignancies. LeVeen also agrees with the authors of an accompanying editorial in *JAMA*, Drs. Joan M. Bull and Paul B. Chretien of the National Cancer Institute, who urge additional tests on patients—with special attention directed toward any adverse side effects—before widespread application of heat therapy in cancer treatment. Such trials are now being planned at several VA hospitals.

assessment came ten years after the original, optimistic report on their own pioneering experiments, which showed methadone could satisfy an addict's craving for heroin without causing its dazlelike highs or hellish lows and helped inspire the nationwide methadone program. Blaming its failure directly on the Government, they complain bitterly of many "politically inspired controls." Relegated to jammed clinics, addicts are often processed on a "take-it-or-leave-it basis"; little or no effort is made to provide the supportive counseling or job help that made the original Dole-Nyswander experiments at Manhattan's Beth Israel Medical Center and Rockefeller University so successful. Even when treatment shows promise of working, Dole and Nyswander say, Government inspectors exert such strong pressure to get addicts off methadone that many are soon back on heroin—or buying black market methadone (at about \$15 a dose).

Many addicts themselves are fed up with the programs. Dole and Nyswander contend, largely because of the rigidity of the bureaucratic rules and the indifference and sometimes contempt of clinic staffs. The result: "The great majority of heroin addicts remain on the streets, and the programs have lost their ability to attract them to treatment."

Sound Idea. Dole, a specialist in metabolic medicine, and Nyswander, a psychiatrist, are still convinced that properly supervised methadone treatment is an eminently sound idea. But they admit there has been a "nearly universal reaction against the concept of substituting one [addictive] drug for another." There is further opposition in cities from neighborhood groups complaining that the methadone clinics bring an influx of dangerous addicts. The program has also been tarnished by disclosures that some clinic operators and physicians have collected scandalously high Medicaid fees for doing little more than giving addicts a daily dose of methadone mixed with fruit juice (actual cost: 20¢).

Dole and Nyswander suggest that the clinics could be salvaged if bureaucratic controls were lifted. But other experts argue that the controls have been far too lax. Dr. Robert L. DuPont, director of the National Institute on Drug Abuse, notes that there were at least 800 methadone-related deaths last year involving "street" methadone—a fact the authors ignored. Thus there may be increasing clamor for other ways of dealing with the nation's estimated half a million heroin addicts. Among them: a new crackdown on dealers and "cold-turkey" detoxification of addicts—a tough but effective tactic (TIME, June 19, 1972) that practically wiped out heroin addiction in Japan.



LeVEEN TREATS PATIENT
New weapon in the arsenal.

said, they had destroyed or shrunk malignant tumors in 21 cancer patients.

Writing in *JAMA*, the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, Dr. Harry H. LeVeen and his colleagues explained that their experiments depended on a significant difference between ordinary tissue and tumors. Because most tumors lack a fully developed network of blood vessels, blood flows much more sluggishly through them than through normal tissue, and heat is not so quickly transported out. Thus tumors are far more susceptible to heat. At high enough temperatures, the malignant cells are killed.

For his experiments, LeVeen, a surgeon who also teaches at Brooklyn's Downstate Medical Center, employed radio-frequency generators that operated at 13.56 megahertz, in the frequency range used by short-wave broadcasters. The signals were sent into the body by electrodes or other devices attached di-

The Methadone Mess

Thousands of heroin addicts have kicked the habit with the help of the synthetic drug methadone. But lately methadone clinics in major U.S. cities have become centers of increasing controversy. Last week critics of the methadone program got some unexpected support. It came from the same doctors who did more than anyone else to create the massive U.S. methadone program, which is currently treating some 80,000 addicts. In a special report to *JAMA*, Drs. Vincent P. Dole and Marie Nyswander of Rockefeller University acknowledge that the methadone program, however sound in theory, has failed abysmally in practice.

The husband-wife team's bleak as-

COVER STORY

A Church

"I hope I die soon so that I can die a Catholic."

—Elderly woman parishioner of
St. Thomas Aquinas Church, Ames, Iowa

Roman Catholic. The words are redolent of rich and solemn rituals chanted amid clouds of incense in an ancient tongue. Many American Catholics over 30 remember living in that history-heavy church as if living in a spiritual fortress—comforting at times, inhibiting and even terrifying at others. But it was a safe and ordered universe, with eternal guarantees for those who lived by its rules.

That fortress has crumbled. Before the Second Vatican Council in 1962, the U.S. Catholic Church had seemed, at least to outsiders, to be a monolith of faith, not only the church's richest province but, arguably, its most pious. When the council ended in 1965, American Catholicism had been swept by a turbulent new mood, a mood of opened windows, tumbled walls, broken chains. It became a painful experience for many, and over the next decade the casualties were heavy: nuns leaving their convents, priests their ministries, lay Catholics simply walking away from worship and belief.

The American Catholic Church in 1976—by far the largest U.S. denomination, with nearly 49 million members—is a less tumultuous church, its attrition slowed. But it is still a questing and divided church, troubled by colliding purposes and visions. An increasing number of lay people (themselves split on such issues as social action and piety, tradition and change) call themselves Catholic but are resentful of the church's authority over their private lives. Bishops differ markedly on the nature of their role and in the exercise of their power. Priests, nuns and brothers are now on one side, now the other.

The great gap between church teaching and practice troubles Cincinnati's Archbishop Joseph L. Bernardin, president of the U.S. Bishops' Conference. Said Bernardin in an interview in *U.S. Catholic*: "So many consider themselves good Catholics, even though their beliefs and practices seem to conflict with the official teaching in the church. This is almost a new concept of what it means to be a Catholic today."

Nowhere is the division more spectacular than on the issue of birth control. In 1968 Pope Paul VI issued his encyclical *Humanae vitae*, explicitly telling Catholics they were forbidden to use artificial methods of contraception. In 1974 a study of American Catholics showed that fully 83% did not accept such teaching. Moreover, attendance at weekly Mass dropped from 71% in 1963 to 50% in 1974; monthly confession, from 38% to 17%.

Those figures—and a theory to explain them—appeared this spring in a new book called *Catholic Schools in a Declining Church* (TIME, April 5) by Priest-Sociologist Andrew Greeley and his colleagues at Chicago's National Opinion Research Center, William C. McCready and Kathleen McCourt. Their conclusion: *Humanae vitae* created a massive crisis of authority in the church. An ethical mandate from the Pope, promulgated by his bishops, was quietly—if not without some qualms of conscience—rejected by Catholic families. In turn, there were empty pews in church, no more lines at the confessional.

The Greeley theory has been sharply questioned by some other scholars, by churchmen, and by people who cannot forget that Greeley is also a sharp-penned journalist. But many Catholics agree that *Humanae vitae* was, at the very least, a blow that shattered rising expectations for change. The Second Vatican Council had signaled to Catholics that they might have more freedom than they once thought. The crucial Declaration on Religious Freedom (largely the



RELIGION

Divided

work of American Jesuit John Courtney Murray) stated that religious liberty was a human right—an admission the church had never before made. It was by no means intended to give Catholics carte blanche to disagree with their church, but with *Humanae vitae*, they did.

There is of course plenty of other evidence—and there are other theories—about decline and division in the church. The annual Official Catholic Directories have been carrying the statistics of decline throughout the decade. The figures show that about 3,100 Catholic elementary and high schools, out of 13,340, have closed in the past ten years, and enrollment has dropped from 5.6 million in 1965 to 3.5 million in 1975.

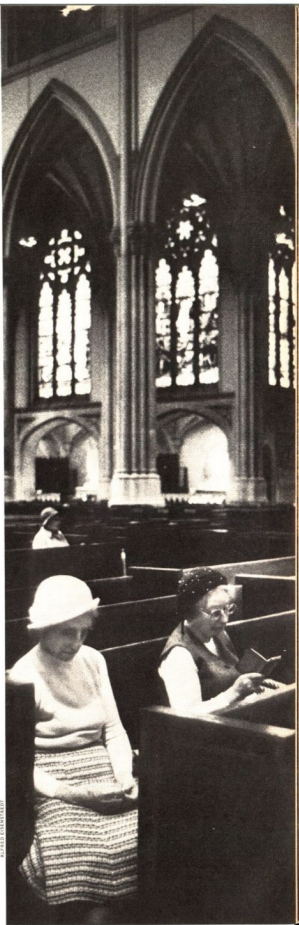
Some 35,000 American nuns and 10,000 priests—even a brilliant bishop—left their ministries, and sometimes even the church, in a great exodus. Some of them left explicitly to marry, others out of disillusionment or loss of faith, still others because they believed they could serve God or humanity more effectively in the then celebrated “secular city.” There are fewer new priests to replace those who left. Seminary enrollment, at a high of nearly 49,000 in 1964, fell to a low of 17,200 in 1975. Only this year has there been a modest upturn—an increase of some 800—indicating that the trend may have bottomed out.

The departures of lay Catholics are less frequent now, but there were many. Some succumbed to what Greeley calls the “meat on Friday” syndrome: “Once it became legitimate [in 1966] to eat meat on Friday, one could doubt the authority of the Pope, practice birth control, leave the priesthood and get married or indeed do anything else one wanted to,” he writes. Although he rejects this factor as a major explanation of the religious fall-off, certain Catholics found it painfully real. “Vatican II amazed me,” wrote Author Doris Grumbach in the *Critic*, “because it raised the possibility of more answers than one, of gray areas, of a private world of conscience and behavior . . . But like all places in human experience of rigor and rule . . . once the window was opened, everything came under question. No constants remained, no absolutes, and the church became for me a debatable question . . . I still cling to the Gospels, to Christ and some of his followers as central to my life, but the institution no longer seems important to me. I no longer live in it.”

Many American Catholics had less trouble adjusting to the changes than to the dismaying failure to change in *Humanae vitae*. The reason: their Anglo-Saxon respect for law. That respect goes back to English common law, an evolutionary system that grew largely out of court decisions. Yet church law—or canon law—is basically Roman law, adapted by the Vatican from the Empire and pronounced by edict, popular opinion notwithstanding. Mediterraneans have long known how to live with Roman law—and church rules: they ignore them when they seem irrational or impractical.

Until the birth control encyclical ended the innocence of the American church, only a few U.S. Catholics had felt easy with such blithe disregard. Now their numbers are rapidly growing. Wearing his polemicist's hat, Father Greeley describes this new independent-minded Catholic in a forthcoming book simply called *The Communal Catholic* (Seabury; \$8.95). American Catholicism's best hope lies, he declares, with such Catholics. As he defines them, they are people who “do not expect any important instruction from [the ecclesiastical] structure on any issue, ranging from sexuality to international economics.” The

*The practice of abstaining from meat on Friday, meant to emulate Jesus' fasting and to commemorate the day he was crucified, eventually became a church commandment and for centuries served as a kind of Roman Catholic badge.



PRAYING AT ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL



CATHOLIC TRADITIONALISTS AT UNAUTHORIZED LATIN MASS ON LONG ISLAND
Yesterday's safe and ordered universe, with eternal guarantees.

communal Catholic, however, does seek "sacramental ministry from the church at such times in his life when such ministry seems appropriate and necessary—for some, every day; for others, only at rites of passage like baptism, marriage and death."

One influence in shaping this new breed of communal Catholic was, ironically, the teachings of the Second Vatican Council. The council's document on the nature of the church, *Lumen gentium* (Light of Nations), stressed that the church was not merely the Pope and his bishops but the entire "people of God," whose common convictions carry a natural truth of their own.

TIME correspondents found, in fact, a wide variety of convictions among the Catholics they interviewed about important issues of their faith, ranging from sex, marriage and divorce to the question of authority.

Questions That Won't Go Away

Most parishioners and pastors agreed that the birth control ban imposed by *Humanae vitae* is almost totally ignored. Indeed, says Father Joseph Murray, the pastor of St. Anthony's Church in Harlingen, Texas, "most priests are embarrassed by it." Yet many Catholics have done a good deal of soul searching before deciding to defy Rome. Says Kitty Parker, 41, of Our Lady of Malibu parish in California: "My husband and I decided to opt for birth control after a long time talking, reading and praying. It was our first major break with the church."

The Jesuits' Georgetown University and other Catholic colleges offer sexual-aversion sessions at which methods of contraception are discussed. Sue Peot, a freshman at Georgetown, reports that "a lot of girls here are on birth control pills." Ruth Fitzpatrick, a Catholic mother of three who lives in Fairfax, Va., says that "if my daughter wants to lead an active sex life, I consider it a moral obligation to give her all the information I can on birth control."

Last January the Vatican issued a new declaration on sexual ethics, deploring the "unbridled exaltation of sex" and specifically condemning premarital sex, masturbation and homosexuality. The statement exasperated many U.S. Catholics. Asks Theologian Daniel Maguire of Marquette University: "Is it not past time to declare a moratorium on the discussion of masturbation in church ethics?" Tom Corda, a 21-year-old biology student in Ames, Iowa, recalls his reaction on hearing of the document: "I got the feeling I wanted to call Pope Paul up on the phone and say, 'Paul, where are you?' " Irene Prendergast, 36, a mother of five in Alexandria, Va., had a similar feeling. "Paul has blown it. He keeps throwing us back into the Middle Ages."

Another sign of disaffection: the divorce rate among American Catholics is approaching that of non-Catholics. As one result, diocesan marriage tribunals have been examining an increasing number of

RELIGION

broken marriages, and last year granted almost 10,000 annulments—declarations that a sacramental marriage never existed. Says Monsignor Marion Justin Reinhardt, judge of the Brooklyn tribunal: "If two people really cannot live together, there must be some reason why not, and it should be up to us to find that reason. If we find it existed at the time of the marriage, then that marriage must be null and void. Nobody must oblige himself to do what he cannot do."

A number of Catholics feel there should be less circuitous ways out of a bad marriage. Walter Braun, a retired Army officer living in Lawrence, Kans., believes the church is in effect granting divorces without admitting it. "They give a lot of annulments now. It's a cop-out." Asks Washington Attorney Lee Murphy, who is no longer a practicing Catholic because he is divorced and remarried: "Why can a man kill a guy and be forgiven by the church, yet I cannot say, 'Father, I made a terrible mistake. I picked the wrong woman, and it was a disaster?'"

But even Catholics who are liberal on marital and sexual issues can be adamant about abortion—at least for themselves and their families. "Abortion is murder to me," says Mary Ann Murphy, 54, of Alexandria, Va. "But I cannot jam my religious beliefs down someone else's throat." Jan Slevin, a nurse, refused to work in the obstetrics unit of Washington General Hospital because of the many abortions performed there. "In a case of incest, rape or some psychological trauma," she concedes, "I can see a morning-after pill or a shot to prevent pregnancy. But I think abortion is morally evil. It is a taking of life."

Matters of Rite and Wrong

The furor stirred up by the most visible reform inspired by Vatican II—the modernizing of the rites of worship, most notably the Mass—seems to have largely died down. In the years following the council, the language of the liturgy became English, not Latin; baroque high altars gave way to simple tables; members of what had once jokingly been called "the church of silence" were urged to sing hymns—and often Protestant ones at that (a familiar favorite these days: Luther's *A Mighty Fortress Is Our God*). Instead of incense and plain chant, parish churches now offered folk Masses, Masses with "sacred dancing," mixed-media Masses. Comedian Bob Newhart, a practicing Catholic usually comfortable with change, ruefully recalls the "wakko wakko wakko" sound of a Moog Mass he once attended. "The priest said, 'Now let us all join together in the prayer we've known from childhood: wakko wakko wakko Our Father.' "

Thousands of Catholics still mourn the disappearance of the old Latin Tridentine Mass. (In fact, it is still celebrated—illicitly—by a few rebel priests, like Father Gommard De Pauw of Westbury, N.Y.) Some Catholics find the new rite too cluttered with movement, hymns and communal prayers. "I feel a little bit lost,"

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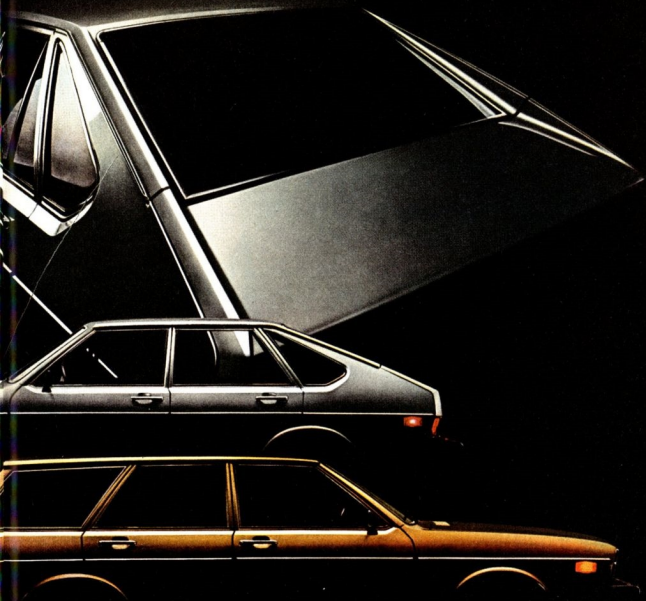
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says Mrs. Theodora Nardi, 53, of Manchester, N.H. "I miss the time for silent prayer. Now you jump and sing. 'Joy, joy!'"

Still, the majority of U.S. Catholics are comfortable with the new liturgies. Greeley's study found that more than 80% approved or even preferred the new rites. "When I was a kid, you didn't understand what was happening in Mass," remembers Janet Tambascio, a young mother who grew up in St. Columbkille's parish in Brighton, Mass. "You played with your rosary beads, which had nothing to do with anything. Now we aren't just sitting in Mass; we're participating."

One virtue of the new rite of worship is its flexibility. Priests now celebrate the Eucharist in homes, offices and hotels for small groups, as well as in churches. This freedom has allowed innovative clergymen to extend their ministry in intriguing new

ways. St. Louis parish in Miami offers a Mass that uses young people in adult capacities—reading the Epistle and Gospel, acting as ushers, leading the music. In East Los Angeles, priests from Our Lady of Solitude parish celebrate Mass in the area's housing projects for members of *barrio* gangs who are fearful of crossing another gang's turf to get to church. And not very far away, in Orange County, Father Don Duplessis conducts home Masses once a month for a group of singles who call themselves the Orange County Catholic Alumni Club. "Here you don't feel out of place," said a participant at one of the singles' Masses last month. "When you go to Mass in church, everything is so family-oriented. You are always the one to walk in alone, stand alone and keep very much alone."

Catholics are still adjusting to another reform, the "new" rite

A Parish that Copes and Hopes

Some thought it was near sacrilege. In a few short months during 1969 the interior of the 78-year-old St. Ignatius Loyola Church in Hicksville, Long Island, was radically transformed. Two side altars and their six statues, the devotional candles and the altar rail were all removed. Most dramatically, a new crucifix was hung behind the altar. Instead of a suffering Jesus in traditional style, worshippers now saw a modernist risen Christ, his arms raised in triumph.

The instigator of these changes—all of which were in the spirit of Vatican decrees—was the parish's new pastor, Father Frederic Harrer, now 56. Nonetheless, the new look, especially the crucifix, jolted St. Ignatius' parishioners, many of them policemen, firemen and other civil servants. Some simply quit attending Mass. "I see a lot of faces not around any more," says one parishioner. But most of those who remained came to accept—even favor—the new church interior and other innovations. "When all the changes started I was kind of confused and disillusioned at times," says Public School Teacher Terry Hess, "but now I have a better understanding. Years ago I would do things out of fear of the Lord. Now it is out of love."

Indeed, in the face of budget deficits, a severe drop in parochial school enrollment and the decline of such groups as the Holy Name Society and the Rosary Society, Harrer believes that his parish is spiritually stronger than ever before. "People are practicing their faith to a deeper intensity," he says. Now there are new Charismatic and other prayer groups, new adult Bible classes, and special spiritual weekends like Marriage Encounter (TIME, April 7, 1975) in which couples examine their marriages and learn to communicate with each other more honestly; the Cursillo, which seeks to inspire personal religious renewal and the similar Christian Awakening for teen-agers. Such movements "ask of me a greater degree of faith than the old organizations," says one laywoman. Mass attendance is down, but two-

thirds of those who attend receive Communion, compared with one-third a decade ago.

In 1969 Father Harrer organized the first Parish Council at St. Ignatius. After a fumbling start with an unwieldy membership of 125, the council has evolved into an active group of 20 of the laity, four priests and three nuns. Their meetings are open to all parishioners and their decisions are not always ones that the pastor would make. Toward the end of the Viet Nam War the council decided to install an American flag beside the altar. "I accepted it although I put myself on record as not being for it," shrugs Harrer. Last year the council sent Walter Kellenberg, the conservative bishop of Rockville Centre, a petition urging that the church permit laicized priests to act as teachers or counselors, and that divorced-and-remarried Catholics be allowed to receive Communion under certain conditions.

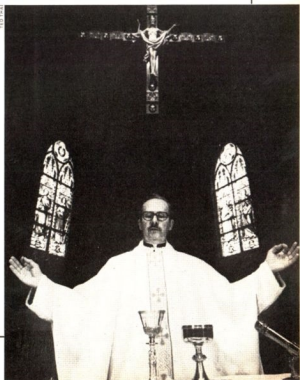
To learn more about his 11,000 adult parishioners, Harrer conducted a poll in 1973. A solid 62% of those who responded "strongly" favored letting couples decide what to do about birth control. "Certainly what the Pope has to say is extremely important," says Harrer, but at the parish level "we are taking people from where they are and maybe leaving aside the question of sin."

Sister Lillian, a Dominican nun who wears contemporary clothes, works with 70 lay volunteers to give religious instructions to Catholic youngsters attending public schools. The new emphasis on Jesus as one's brother as much as one's Lord caused a minor uproar, and worried parents phoned Sister Lillian. She set up a course, the "Baltimore Catechism Revisited," to "update the parents."

Only 100 teen-agers are active in the parish compared with 200 seven years ago, but Associate Pastor William Karvelis seeks to keep them coming with special Masses at which they are welcome to wear T shirts and jeans, sit on the floor and discuss their spiritual problems before the formal liturgy. Karvelis also tries to reach out to parishioners who feel "hurt, abandoned and looked down upon" as a result of the swing away from traditional ways.

But like Father Harrer, he sees a stronger faith emerging in both the parish and the church. Vatican II, he believes, "has given people a new challenge—to describe their faith not in the exercise of practices but in the depth of their soul." Parishioner Don Zirkel, who edits the *Tablet*, the well-respected weekly of the Brooklyn diocese, likes the challenge. "In the past the church directed us. Now the church says you have to decide for yourself. It is harder and confusing. But it is a great time to live and I am glad I am on this journey."

HARRER BENEATH CONTROVERSIAL CRUCIFIX



RELIGION

of penance, renamed the sacrament of reconciliation, which was put into effect in most U.S. parishes this past Lenten season. It is now a longer process often involving face-to-face easy-chair conversation between penitent and priest (TIME, March 15), although those who prefer it can retain the anonymity of the old screened confessional. Says Lee Roach, 41, a Delta Air Lines pilot and usher at St. Jude's parish in Sandy Springs, Ga.: "We're encouraged to examine our motives. Now, when you go to confession, the priest may ask you, 'Do you believe you were sinning? Was it a turning away from God?'"

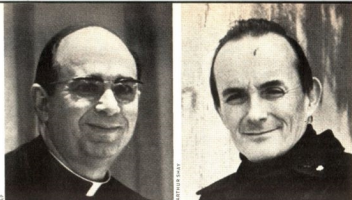
There are no round-the-corner lines yet for the new penitential rite. But the failure to confess does not keep people away from Communion, as it once did. Churches across the U.S. report an increase in the proportion of their worshippers who receive weekly Communion—from about one-fifth of them a decade ago to more than half today. One possible reason: the newer Catholic teaching suggests that it is hard—not easy—for a reasonably religious person to commit mortal sins, the principal impediment that would keep someone from Communion.

Communion with Protestants is becoming more common, although the Vatican allows it only under special circumstances, and bishops frown on casual intercommunion. At St. Thomas Aquinas parish in Ames, some of the town's many Protestants show up occasionally at Communion and are not turned away ("So many of them believe as we do," explains Pastor James Supple). Last Easter the Catholic and Episcopal chaplains at an Eastern university assisted a Lutheran minister in celebrating the midnight Eucharist—in a Dutch Reformed church. Catholics are generally enjoying a new freedom to attend Protestant and Jewish services. "In Oklahoma, we got into the habit of going down to a black revival church," says Jim Scott of Our Lady of Malibu parish. "At first we went down for the fantastic choir, but we really began to appreciate all those people praying together. In that group they were really one." Conservative Catholics are ecumenical for quite another reason. They sometimes go to "high Episcopal" Masses in order to enjoy Anglican rites that are now more traditional than their own.

Despite the slight rebound in the numbers of new seminarians this year, the church still faces a serious vocation crisis; in some dioceses there are not enough priests to go around. That prospect may be partly responsible for a growing and yet unresolved debate over two alternatives that for the moment are unacceptable to the hierarchy: women priests and married priests.

Heads of women's religious orders, other nuns, laywomen—some 1,200 in all—met in Detroit last November to discuss and coordinate their cause. Says Elizabeth Carroll, a Sister of Mercy working at Washington's Center of Concern: "The arguments for women in the priesthood are unassailable." The bishops do not agree. Archbishop Bernardin argues that "serious theological objections" still stand in the way of women priests. Many Catholics are open to the idea, however, including an elderly woman at St. Columbkille's. "If a woman wants to be a priest, that's fine with me. The important thing is not who gives you Communion, but whether you believe that it is sacrosanct."

What may come sooner than the ordination of women is the option for priests to marry—or at least for some



ARCHBISHOP JOSEPH BERNARDIN

FATHER ANDREW GREELEY

A great gap between church teaching and practice.

married men to become priests. But Pope Paul has no intention of easing the rule of clerical celibacy, and some lay Catholics have misgivings too. Says Nurse Slevin: "I cannot see how one could have children and be a full-time priest. He would have to spend more time on his children's development and less on parish problems." But Margaret Howells, of Fairfax, Va., finds that her experience of going through a marital separation "makes me call for a married priesthood." Says she: "The priests need to experience as well as study the problems and joys of marriage."

Monsignor William Stapleton, pastor of St. Columbkille's, believes the wholesale defections of priests were a signal from on high: "I think it's God's way of saying 'Hey, the priests are not the only ones in my church, and I can make use of the laity as well.' Lay people are the church as much as I am." Indeed, laymen—and women—are increasingly distributing the Communion bread, an innovation that is not always popular. Says Robert Drummond, 47, a lay minister of Communion at St. Ambrose's parish in Dorchester, Mass.: "I can see them crossing over the aisles to avoid getting Communion from me. I can understand that. To have a priest drum into you for 40 years that only he can give the Communion Host and then to see stupid Drummond up there—it cuts to the very core of people's faith."

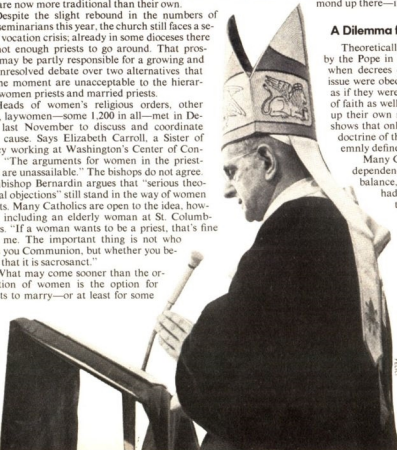
A Dilemma for Pope and Bishop

Theoretically, authority in the church is exercised by the Pope in conjunction with his bishops. Time was when decrees of the Pontiff or the hierarchy on any issue were obediently accepted by Catholic Americans, as if they were the laws of God. No longer. In matters of faith as well as morals, Catholics seem to be making up their own minds. The Greeley study, for example, shows that only 37% of U.S. Catholics fully accept the doctrine of the infallibility of the Pope—a dogma solemnly defined by the First Vatican Council in 1870.

Many Catholics have come to like their new independence and even many priests agree that on balance, it may be a good thing. "Too long we had this parent-child relationship between the church and its people," says Monsignor John Sheridan of Our Lady of Malibu parish. "That had to go."

But to others, the new freedom is a problem. Says Fred Hess of St. Ignatius Loyola in Hicksville, N.Y.: "I think we need some hard and fast rules to go by." Even the progressive faithful feel that the church must maintain some kind of identity. Asks Mary Charlotte Chandler, a graduate student at U.C.L.A.: "What is the point of a church if it's always up to my own conscience?"

For the American bishops—and perhaps much more acutely for Pope Paul—it is a dilemma: how to guide



POPE PAUL SPEAKING IN 1968, YEAR OF HIS BIRTH CONTROL DECREE

TIME, MAY 24, 1976



Amaretto, the nutcracker's sweet.
(Liquore with the flavor of almonds.)

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I know my taste.

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FTC Report SEPT. '75.



INFORMALLY CLAD ARCHBISHOP ROBERT SANCHEZ OF SANTA FE WITH YOUTHS DURING WALK FOR VOCATIONS
Catholics seem to be making up their own minds about what they will believe.

those who seem to need authority without alienating those who cherish their freedom. Catholic Americans who have met the Pope in audiences in Rome are almost invariably touched by the Pope's personal warmth, but that does not necessarily enhance his credibility. Georgetown's Sue Peot expresses the feeling of many when she says, "The Pope seems far away, and not just physically." Suggests Frank Innis Jr. of Mt. Vernon, Va.: "Pope Paul has become a titular head, like the Queen of England."

A number of bishops are acutely aware of the problem, and have adopted a more pastoral, less authoritarian style. During an annual "walk for vocations" Archbishop Robert Sanchez of Santa Fe, the first Hispanic-American archbishop in the U.S., strolls along the street in jeans and a sweater with the teenagers of his diocese. Bishop Charles Buswell of Pueblo, Colo., a feisty innovator who parish-hops his diocese on Sundays, introduced himself to a five-year-old girl at a recent Mass as "Charlie." When he came down the church aisle at the end of Mass, the little girl shouted, "Nice show, Charlie!"

Individually and collectively, the bishops of the U.S. have been taking positions on social issues more progressive than those of many U.S. Catholics. The U.S. Catholic Conference issued an election-year statement in February on "political responsibility," advocating, among other things, unconditional food aid to poor nations, arms limitation, full-employment policies, and stronger housing programs. The bishops' administrative board recently called for full self-determination for Panamanians in any new Panama Canal treaty.

Yet some individual bishops have been less than liberal in situations closer to home. The archdioceses of Philadelphia and Los Angeles and the diocese of Gary, Ind., are all currently engaged in efforts to stop the unionization of Catholic-school teachers. Boston's Humberto Cardinal Medeiros railed against the racism in South Boston in an interview three weeks ago, then meekly apologized to the South Bostonians the next week.

Seeking a Delicate Balance

What is the future of the U.S. church? Jesuit Sociologist John Thomas is pessimistic about an end to the drift from the church. "Some like to call the present transition a 'second spring,'" he observes. "I see it as an Indian summer, which comes just before winter." Biblical Scholar John A. Miles, writing in *Theology Today*, sees Catholics caught in a no-win situation. If the church does try to exert some kind of authority, chances are it will only cause further turmoil and shrinkage. If it does not, it may remain officially large but "steadily weaker and more diffuse."

Others, however, believe that those who wanted to leave the church have left, and that those who remain are more dedicated. Author Sidney Callahan, who stayed in the church while

her husband left it, sees a new spirit of voluntarism among Catholics who "want to make the church work." Bishop James Rausch, General Secretary of the U.S. Catholic Conference, feels that the church is entering "a time of healing."

That may be. While the church as an institution still faces formidable problems, Catholics as a people are displaying a remarkable tenacity these days, a kind of spiritual second wind that suggests that U.S. Catholicism might even be on the verge of a new period of vigor.

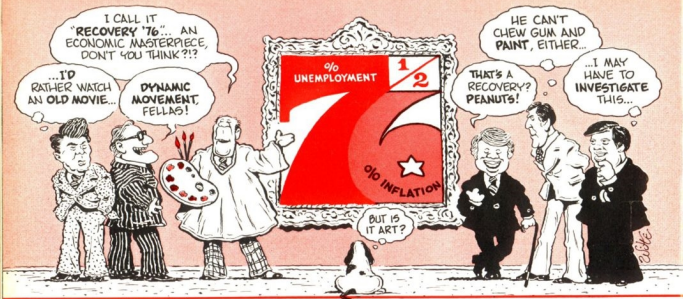
The most unusual of these vital signs is the Catholic Charismatic movement, which has grown from a handful of people nine years ago to a huge following now of more than 600,000 adherents across the country. The "gifts of the spirit" that these Charismatics cherish, such as speaking in tongues and healing, together with a heavy authoritarianism in some of their communities, alienate some fellow Catholics. But the Charismatics have some warm advocates among U.S. bishops.

Other prayer and Bible-study groups are springing up by the thousands across the country, and there are signs of a religious revival on campus. Notre Dame's provost, Father James Burtchall, reports a strong resurgence in student piety there: Mass attendance is up and no fewer than 1,700 undergraduates are involved in voluntary charitable works (visiting the sick and the aged, teaching minority children in South Bend schools).

Though parochial schools have suffered an enormous decline, Greeley's study finds that 80% of U.S. Catholics are willing to spend more money to ensure their schools' survival. In a number of instances, parents have banded together to save threatened schools.

Catholic schools were recently praised as an essential force in the U.S.—by Lutheran Sociologist Peter Berger, who addressed Catholic educators in Chicago last month. Indeed, argued Berger, the Catholic Church is a bulwark of American freedom. In too many societies, the state has become the only moral power. If the U.S. is to avoid totalitarianism, he declared, "we must strengthen every institution that offers an alternative to the moral authority of the state." For that reason, "a strong presence of Catholicism—and that means an institutional presence—is in the public interest of society as a whole."

Is it a mission of the Catholic Church to serve the purposes of liberty? Perhaps it is. If man can only choose God freely—as Catholic theologians teach—freedom is a virtue both in the church and in society. American Catholics, heirs of a democratic tradition, might be able to achieve the necessary, delicate balance between the strength of authority and the risk of freedom. The Roman Catholic Church has been adaptable in the past, evolving, replenishing and renewing itself through the centuries. In the U.S. it may prove able once again to listen to the needs of the times and to apply the remedies of eternity.



ECONOMY & BUSINESS

OUTLOOK/BOARD OF ECONOMISTS

Bowling Away the Uncertainties

Any misty uncertainties about the strength of the nation's recovery from its worst post-World War II recession have been blown away by the news of the past few months. That was the unanimous conclusion of members of TIME's Board of Economists, who gathered in Manhattan last week to assess the prospects for the months ahead.* Their outlook: national production will grow a bit more rapidly, and rates of inflation and unemployment will come down somewhat more quickly, than they—and nearly all other experts—had foreseen earlier.

Better still, the economists no longer express much fear that the recovery will fizzle out in 1977. They expect output to grow, and unemployment and inflation to decline, through next year as well. Their worst worry is a long-range one: that some time around the end of 1977 basic industries will run into shortages of capacity that would cause inflationary bottlenecks and also prevent the unemployment rate from dropping below 6% of the U.S. labor force.

To be sure, the picture is not altogether a happy one. Rates of inflation and unemployment, though declining, will remain high by all historic standards. In the fall political campaign, Republicans will harp on how rapidly production, inflation and unemployment are improving; Democrats will bitterly

complain that all are still far from anything that could be touted as full prosperity. Says Arthur Okun, a senior fellow at Washington's Brookings Institution: "You'll think they are talking about two different countries—and they'll both be right."

Politics aside, board members agree on these forecasts:

- Production will rise more than expected. In December the board's average prediction was that real gross national product—total output of goods and services, discounted for inflation—would rise 6.2% in 1976. Now the range of guesses is from 6.3% (Beryl Sprinkel, executive vice president of Chicago's Harris Trust & Savings Bank) to 6.9% (Otto Eckstein, head of Data Resources Inc., an economic consulting firm).

- Unemployment will go down faster than once thought. In December the board's predictions for the jobless rate at the end of 1976 averaged 7.4%. But the rate has already dropped to 7.5% (from a high of 8.9% in May 1975), and board members think that by the end of 1976 it will get down to 7% or possibly even a little less (Eckstein guesses 6.8%).

- Inflation will subside a bit more than was commonly believed. In December board members thought that the rate of price increases for 1976 would be about 6.6% (as measured by the Consumer Price Index); since then, 6% has become the standard forecast. Now

some board members foresee even a slightly slower pace—perhaps 5.7%. Main reason: food and fuel prices have declined more than expected.

- Next year will be even better. Eckstein, the board member with the most detailed forecasts, predicts a 1977 real G.N.P. growth rate of 5.8% and an end-of-1977 unemployment rate of 6%.

Wage Settlements. There are still some caveats to these estimates. In particular, some board members fear that if many more union contract settlements raise wages by 10% a year or more, as the April contract that settled a short Teamsters strike did, inflation could stay stubbornly high. Rubber workers are now on strike for a similar contract, and pacts for electrical and auto workers remain to be negotiated. Robert Nathan, a private Washington consultant, worries that union demands for unlimited cost-of-living escalator clauses will further boost inflation. Says Joseph Pechman, director of economic studies at Brookings: "Wage settlements are still relatively high, and if we continue to get them at this rate it will be difficult to wind down this inflation."

Generally though, board members are bipartisanly convinced that the upturn is almost unstoppable. Says University of Minnesota Professor Walter Heller: "It would take an uncommon amount of stupidity to break the stride of this recovery." Moreover, few board members express any loud dissents from Government policy so far. Main reason:

*Alan Greenspan, chairman of President Ford's Council of Economic Advisers, also attended, though he is on leave from the board.



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Tonka Corporation, the toy

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A stronger, safer plastic.

Tonka found that K-Resin plastic does not break as easily and is less likely to shatter on impact.

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Surprised?



The Performance Company

new congressional budgetary procedures have proved themselves to be perhaps the most unappreciated federal reform of recent years.

Through 1974, Congress voted on spending and tax bills separately, with no thought as to what the actions would do to total spending, deficits—and the economy. Under new procedures that Congress began following last year, House and Senate must set targets for total spending and deficits and tailor appropriation bills to fit. For fiscal 1977, both houses have voted for a spending ceiling of \$413.3 billion and a deficit of \$50.8 billion. That is higher than President Ford's proposals of \$395.8 billion in expenditures and a deficit of \$44.6, which most board members regard as unduly restrictive, yet below the \$422 billion that federal spending would reach if all present programs were to continue to provide the current level of services. Though liberals would prefer somewhat higher expenditures, they believe that the congressional figures should promote continued economic expansion without accelerated inflation.

Price Fears. The most serious worry of the Board of Economists is that once the unemployment rate drops to 6%, basic industries—particularly paper and chemicals—will not have the production capacity to lower it further. If that happens, bottlenecks in supply could develop that might prove highly inflationary. Thus the most pressing question of pure economics is whether industrialists will build enough new capacity by the end of 1977 to supply the needs of a growing economy. Most of the economists believe that the pressures of the free market will lead businessmen to do so, but they are far from certain.

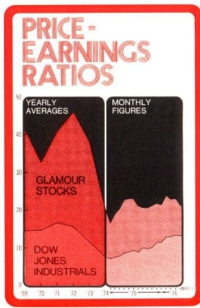
Economics, however, is inseparable from politics in this election year. Democrat Heller believes—against all his personal predilections—that if President Ford is renominated, the condition of the economy during the fall campaign "will be a distinct plus" for the Republicans. Voters, he thinks, have short memories and they will be more impressed by how rapidly inflation and unemployment are going down than by how high they still are by any standards except those of the past few years.

If Ford is in fact nominated and elected, board members believe there will be little change in his Administration's conservative philosophy of tight budgets and free markets. If Democrat Jimmy Carter should win the White House, TIME's economists think his Administration would follow a more activist policy, with more federal intervention in the economy and some kind of Government restraints—at least in the form of guidelines—on wages and prices. No one knows what to expect of a President Reagan, except that his Administration would be even more conservative than Ford's. Heller places Reagan economically "somewhere between the Paleolithic and Neolithic age."

STOCK MARKET

Low Prices for Profits

Continuing its high-level holding pattern of the past three months, the Dow Jones industrial average last week came close to a three-year high of 1011 before settling back a bit to close at 992.6, down 3.62 for the week. But by several other measures the market is not particularly high at all—nor has it risen fast enough this year to make many investors feel rich. For example, a recent compilation by Smith Barney, Harris Upham & Co., a Manhattan brokerage firm, shows that 80% of the stocks on the New York and American exchanges are selling for \$25 a share or less, an only slightly smaller proportion than in January, when the Dow began its powerful assault on the 1000 mark. And price/earnings ratios,



one of the most critical of all market measures, tell a story of even less ebullience.

A P/E ratio is calculated by dividing a company's profits per share for the most recent four quarters into the price of its stock. Thus if a company earns \$5 a share and its stock sells for \$50, its P/E is 10. P/E ratios vary wildly from stock to stock, based mostly on how rapidly investors think a company's profits might rise. In general, however, P/Es are still far below their peaks of the recent past, and they have not risen much this year.

As late as January, 12.2% of all stocks on the New York and American exchanges were selling for less than five times earnings. Now only 9% are—a slight improvement. But the proportion of stocks selling for more than 20 times earnings has actually dropped since January, from 18.2% to 16.7%.

The 30 Dow Jones industrials now sell at an average P/E of 13.1, up from 12.9 at the start of the year but well below the 1971 high of 17.3.

The relatively low P/Es testify to a dominant conservatism among investors that stands in welcome contrast to the giddy atmosphere of the late 1960s and early '70s. For years before that, Wall Streeters thought that a P/E of 10 to 15 was normal for most companies. But as the economy rolled through the late 1960s without recession, investors got the naive idea that profits, particularly of some growth or "glamour" companies, would keep on rising rapidly forever—so that almost no price was too high to pay for the prospect of sharing in future earnings. Before the crash came in 1973-74, P/E ratios of growth companies had been bid up to stratospheric levels that the Dow Jones P/E average never came close to matching. One index of 15 glamour stocks hit an average P/E of 47.4 at the end of 1972; two years later it was down to 14.7, and it has now recovered only to 21.2.

More striking still is the contrast between the onetime peak and present P/Es of some individual stocks. Samples: Polaroid, a high of 114 v. 18 now; McDonald's, 81 v. 26; Xerox, 63 v. 16. At one point in 1968, IBM was selling at \$701.50 a share, or 161 times earnings, giving its stock a market value equal to all the shares in all the oil companies in the U.S. Now, at \$256 a share, IBM is priced at a modest 18 times profits.

To optimistic analysts, the present conservatism of P/E ratios indicates that the current bull market is only in its early stages and many stocks are still undervalued. Since corporate profits are widely expected to rise 25% to 30% this year, stock prices could go up considerably even if P/E ratios hold unchanged. There appears to be room for some rise in the ratios themselves too. But P/E ratios will not soon return to the heights of the early '70s.

Hot Issues. Small investors generally have greeted the market rise with a yawn, and left trading to the big institutions (mutual funds, pension funds, trusts). In mid-May, small investors (those who trade in lots of 100 shares or fewer) sold 250 shares for every 100 they bought. The speculators, who in the 1960s bought "hot issues" selling at high P/E ratios, now are trading instead in options, or the right to buy or sell stock at a specified price in the future.

As for institutional money managers, many have nightmare memories of being stuck with blocks of stock bought at high multiples of earnings that they could unload only at a drastic loss. Some institutional analysts now question whether any stock should ever sell at a P/E higher than 25, however bright the company's prospects.

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

Generally the institutions are putting their money into the stocks of "smoke-stack America"—basic-industry companies that have good dividend records and modest P/Es.

TRADE

The Great Iranian Swap

When he went to Tehran last week, Federal Energy Administrator Frank Zarb expected to talk only about oil prices. But then a reporter asked an unforeseen question. Was the Iranian government trying to barter its crude oil for U.S. military hardware? Yes, replied a startled Zarb. The proposal was still in its preliminary stages, he said, "and there's hardly anything to comment on."

But the secret of what could be a multibillion-dollar deal was out. Executives at three major U.S. defense contractors—General Dynamics, Boeing and Northrop—reluctantly confirmed that such a swap is indeed under consideration. TIME has learned that the initial overtures to the companies were made in letters from General Hassan Tufanian, Iran's Vice Minister of War, after the barter proposal had been cleared by the U.S. departments of Defense, State and Treasury. The military equipment that would be bartered includes General Dynamics' F-16 fighters, McDonnell Douglas' Northrop's F-18s and Boeing's electronics-jammed Airborne Warning and Control System (a sort of flying command center).

A barter arrangement makes eminently good sense for the Iranians. Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlavi has ordered \$12 billion worth of military equipment from manufacturers in the U.S. and Europe. Despite the nation's vast oil wealth, it is having cash-flow problems. It will post a \$2.4 billion budget deficit this year, mainly because world demand for oil remains well below expectations. Bartering would thus allow Iran to employ its excess oil production capacity and use the crude instead of cash to pay for the planes.

Global Glut. But the swap raises significant problems for the American companies. The oil would go not to the defense contractors but to a refiner for processing and sale. The refiner must be willing to 1) accept the crude, and 2) set a firm price for it with the U.S. aircraft manufacturers. Finding such a customer will be difficult; there is a global glut of oil, and even tiny fluctuations in price can cut sharply into refinery profits. But the task is not impossible. Several independent oil companies that have lost access to Canadian oil since Canada cut exports to the U.S. are looking for other assured supplies. They may be further enticed by the billions of barrels of crude involved. General Dynamics alone may take 100,000 bbl. per day of Iranian crude for the next seven years in return for its planes—enough to keep a medium-sized refinery busy.

Officials at oil companies that now deal with Iran have mixed reactions to the barter proposal. Says an executive at Standard Oil of California: "The Ira-

nian government has been pressing the members of the Iranian oil consortium recently to accept more oil. This could take the pressure off us." But another oilman at Standard of Indiana disagrees: "We are now in delicate negotiations with the Iranians. Their crude is overpriced, and we are unwilling to accept their terms. Now along comes the U.S. Government, which says it will [go along with a barter deal]. We are shocked."

If the complications can be worked out—a big if—the swap will provide few surprises for the Iranians. They have been bartering raw materials for industrial products ever since the 1930s. But it would be a whole new way of doing business for the defense contractors. Only McDonnell Douglas has had a similar experience. In 1969 Yugoslavia wanted to buy DC-9s, but did not have enough dollars. So McDonnell Douglas agreed to help by marketing Yugoslavian goods, including hams, in the U.S. For years thereafter, the standing joke in the company's executive dining room was: "Here come the rest of those Yugoslavian hams." Oil, presumably, would be easier to convert to cash.

ENTREPRENEURS

Deflated Developer

In 1957 Charles E. Fraser was a Yale-educated lawyer who knew little about real estate, but he did know Hilton Head Island, S.C. His father owned land there, and Fraser was convinced that the alligator-infested island could be turned into a playground for the sports-minded rich. So he borrowed from an insurance company (pledging as collateral pine trees that could be turned into valuable pulpwood) and began developing the 4,500-acre Sea Pines Plantation. It became a world-renowned resort that respected the environment—the pine trees are still standing, and the "gators and a host of sea birds still make it their home—and also turned a handsome profit. Buoyed by that success, the insatiably ambitious Fraser went public in 1973, selling 400,000 shares in his Sea Pines Co. at \$18 a share, while embarking on a series of other projects. The most important by far was Palmas Del Mar, a 2,800-acre playground in Puerto Rico, but he also started similar developments in Florida and Virginia and planned a 6,000-acre "private national park" in the wilderness of western North Carolina.

Fraser, however, borrowed heavily to finance these schemes. Then the U.S. real estate market crashed in the mid-1970s, interest rates on Sea Pines' loans shot as high as 16%, and the company found itself seriously overextended. During its last two fiscal years, Sea Pines Co. has suffered losses conservatively estimated at \$35 million (figures are not yet complete for the twelve months ended Feb. 29). Once a master builder, Fra-

BOEING-BUILT U.S. AIR FORCE RADAR PLANE (TOP) & PIPELINE IN IRAN



ARMS TO IRAN

OIL TO U.S.





FRASER SCANS HORIZON AT RESORT ON HILTON HEAD ISLAND, S.C.
The consequences of having profits take a back seat to utopianism.

ser has been furiously pruning his company in hopes of avoiding bankruptcy. Even so, he admits that there is "a 25% chance" that Sea Pines will have to seek a court-ordered reorganization by year's end.

Always a big spender when times were good (he once had four writers at work on four separate official histories of his young company), Fraser has turned uncharacteristically frugal of late. He has fired the gaggle of Harvard M.B.A.s who flocked to Hilton Head in the early 1970s. In order to reduce Sea Pines' towering debt, he has sold Palamas Del Mar—taking a \$13 million loss—and deeded back to the lender the North Carolina tract where he planned to build the Nantahala/Heritage Park. He has also shelved plans for several smaller resorts where "almost any member of the middle class" could enjoy a few days of outdoor recreation for a modest price. "Making a profit is listed in the corporate objectives as No. 4," says Sea Pines President James W. Light, 32. Rated more important: achieving high standards of ecological and community planning, creating environments for the "rejuvenation and recreation" of "creative and responsible" people and helping Sea Pines employees to find "personal growth and fulfillment." "Perhaps, Light now muses, making a profit "should have been No. 2 or 3."

Stretched-Out Payments. Fraser now is trying to persuade some 30 banks, real estate investment trusts and savings and loan associations to accept a stretch-out of payments on Sea Pines' debt (now down to \$110 million from a high in 1974 of \$280 million). He plans a three-to-four-year halt in new development projects, while striving to increase profits from operating resorts at Hilton Head and Amelia Island, Fla. The strategy seems to be paying off. In the first two months of the current fiscal year, which started March 1, revenues from Sea

Pines Plantation were up more than 25%, to \$4.2 million, and real estate sales at \$6.7 million were running far ahead of a year earlier.

But Fraser recognizes that persuading the lenders to go along with a re-financing plan will not be easy. Also, he is involved in a damaging dispute with Arab investors. In 1974 the Kuwait Investment Co. hired Sea Pines Co. to oversee a planned \$200 million development on Kiawah Island, S.C. Fraser had counted heavily on receiving up to \$300,000 annually in profits from the project for the next two decades. But last month the Kuwaitis abruptly canceled the contract and sued Sea Pines for \$1.3 million, claiming overcharges. Sea Pines is countering for \$13.6 million, asserting that the Kuwaitis used Sea Pines' reputation to get the Kiawah Island project off the ground, then cut out Fraser's company just when the project was starting to return some profit. Besides threatening Sea Pines' future earnings, the dispute has deprived the company of some ready cash. When the Kuwaitis failed to make a \$50,000 payment to Sea Pines in February, Fraser was able to meet his payroll only through the sale of a lot on Hilton Head.

While battling to save his company, Fraser says he is nonetheless easing himself out of the day-to-day management of Sea Pines so that he can have more time to pursue his latest passion: solar energy. Says he: "My objective was that I'd cease an active role in Sea Pines no later than the age of 50. I'm now 47. There are people in our company who can do the job with me acting as a consultant, providing them with an idea every two or three weeks." He says that he is currently getting "some provocative ideas" from reading Thomas More's *Utopia*, the story of an imaginary island on which an ideal society arises. Maybe—but some investors might think that Fraser's company has had quite enough utopianism already.

TRANSPORTATION

Rail Plan in Autoland

Plans for a rail mass-transit system for Los Angeles have had about as much success with local voters as middle-aged housewives have had at the drug counter where Lana Turner was discovered some years ago. In 1968 and again in 1974 the electorate voted down such plans and decided to continue its love affair with the automobile. Nonetheless, a third and more grandiose plan will be tacked onto the June 8 presidential primary ballot in Los Angeles County. It calls for 232 miles of track—almost exactly the same as the New York subway system—to be built over 30 years along freeways, flood-control channels and existing railroad rights-of-way, and to serve a total of 44 cities. The cost: \$5.8 billion by today's official estimate, which puts the project in the same financial league as the Alaska pipeline.

The plan, developed by County Supervisor Baxter Ward, is unusual for its proposed financing. Initially, a series of massive bond offerings was contemplated, but state officials advised that the sale would glut the market. The plan now calls for a penny increase in the local sales tax, increasing the rate in Los Angeles to 7¢ on the dollar. That is expected to raise \$289 million the first year and \$300 million in each succeeding year. In an authoritative voice former Television Newscaster Ward says: "Nobody else is going to pay for mass transit. If we wait for the Federal Government, it will be two centuries before the job gets done." Even so, the proposal has been rushed onto the ballot partly because Ward hopes that an affirmative vote will enable Los Angeles to snare \$800 million in unallocated federal transit-aid funds before some other area gets the money.

New Jobs. Ward's staff figures that the cost to Los Angeles County taxpayers will be only about a dime a day, and that all by itself the project would revitalize heavy construction in the area, creating 30,000 new jobs and cutting the L.A. metropolitan area's 9% unemployment rate by about one percentage point. Ward confesses that he has "no idea what the final cost will run to," but says it does not matter; if inflation escalates the cost of the project, it will also boost the yield from the extra sales tax.

Though the plan is supported by an impressive array of business, labor and civic leaders—including Los Angeles Mayor Tom Bradley—it has attracted a number of harsh critics. All believe that the plan has been too hastily developed and needs refining. Pete Schabarum announced that he would quit his post as a director of the Southern California Rapid Transit District in protest against the project. Says he: "I just don't believe that a fixed rail-transit system will work in Los Angeles. This is an area of urban sprawl, low density,

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

with a great diversity of directions of trips." He also predicts that the cost will balloon to \$13 billion. Fred Case, a member of the Los Angeles city planning commission, argues that area residents "are going to continue to use automobiles to get where they want to go."

Ward counters by saying that "when people are stuck on a freeway and see one of the new trains zip by at 85 m.p.h., they are going to figure out a way to use that train the very next day." The prospect that many voters from communities not included in past plans may now vote in favor of the system and the presence of a map of the network on the ballot give Ward additional hope that the proposal will pass.

COMPUTERS

Pacific Overtures

IBM was taken aback early this year when a longtime customer, Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Co., bought a brand-new Amdahl 470-V-6 mainframe computer for its Springfield headquarters. The computer, developed by ex-IBM Scientist Gene Amdahl, was manufactured by Japan's Fujitsu Ltd., to which the cash-strapped designer had turned for assistance. Fujitsu now owns some 30% of the Amdahl Corp. of Sunnyvale, Calif. "The technology is ours, and the marketing know-how is ours," insists Amdahl, whose computer cost

Mass Mutual \$5.5 million, or \$1.3 million less than its IBM counterpart, the model 370. "In no way is this a Japanese foot in the door."

That is debatable. In an effort to challenge the American hegemony in the global computer market, the Japanese government has lavished about \$3 billion in subsidies upon local computer makers over the past dozen years and has persuaded the six major companies to team up for research and development. The result of all this effort: many experts believe that Japan is now nearly on a par with the U.S. in computer hardware, though still five years behind in software. "The Japanese are today second only to the U.S.," says an American Government official, "but ten years from now, the U.S. may not be first any longer."

The Japanese computer makers' principal sales targets so far have been industrializing countries in Eastern Europe, Latin America, Africa and Asia. But that could be only the beginning. The Japanese, who refuse to divulge the volume of their computer exports, are supremely confident that they will eventually offer real competition in Western Europe and the U.S. too. The Spanish government, for example, has started a joint venture with Fujitsu; their first product will be small computers to be designed in Japan but made and sold in Spain.

Large Scale. At present all the Japanese firms except Fujitsu face restrictions on their markets because their technology is licensed from American manufacturers. But the Japanese government, to keep abreast of IBM's imminent "fourth generation" of computers, has declared the development of Very Large Scale Integrations—the technical heart of the next generation of computers—a "national project," and has pledged \$850 million to see it through. "There has been the feeling that the Japanese are not capable of producing anything original," says William R. Leitch, a vice president of International Data Corp., a computer-industry research firm in Waltham, Mass. "But the investments in research are going to pay off. The Japanese did a bang-up job with their steel and auto industries, and we think there is a potential in their computer industry."

Some computer-industry analysts doubt that the Japanese can set up the worldwide marketing and customer-service networks without which the computer business cannot function. But even that hurdle is surmountable. This summer National Semiconductor Co. is expected to announce plans to market and service a new Japanese computer in the U.S., thus offering corporate customers yet another alternative. "The Japanese have a lot of patience and plan way ahead," says a Wall Street computer watcher. "They are going after the FORTUNE 500 companies—and they just may get them."

The Combleat Mower

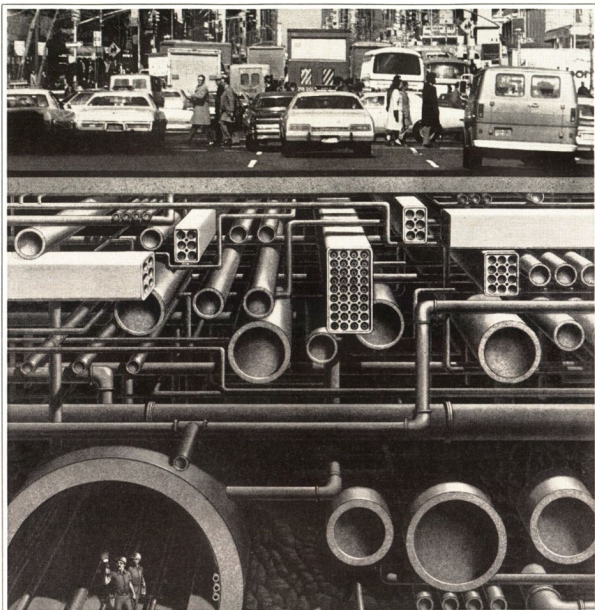
The ideal lawn mower would be one that makes no noise, consumes no gasoline, emits no noxious fumes, does not rust when left out in the rain—and besides all that, is self-starting and fertilizes grass while cutting it. Anette van Dorp, 22, an enterprising agriculture student in Bonn, West Germany, concluded last year that such a machine already exists—only it is called a sheep. So she persuaded her mother Doris, the wife of a prosperous architect, to lend her \$15,700, and last spring set up an ewe business named Gesellschaft für Schafverleih (free translation: Rent-a-Sheep Co.). It buys sheep from farmers and rents them to businesses and home owners who want their grass cut cheap.

Since April, the company has rented 300 sheep to clients that include a school, a doctor and local subsidiaries of Alcoa and American Home Products. Customers must take a minimum of five sheep for the whole summer and graze them on at least 1½ acres of lawn that is free of chemicals. The fee: \$7.80 per sheep per season. That barely covers insurance on the animals. But Anette and her partners, Mother Doris, 48, and Brother Tom, 18, expect to make a sizable profit in the fall by taking back the sheep—by then nicely fattened—and selling them to butchers and breeders.

Rent-a-sheep requests have been pouring in from all over Germany, and Doris is thinking of expanding the business by selling partnerships to individuals. For them, the sheepfold could be a tax shelter: Germany levies no taxes on individuals' capital gains from the sale of assets (other than real estate) held for six months, which is just about as long as Gesellschaft für Schafverleih plans to own its sheep. Meanwhile, Anette tries to make sure that customers protect the animals from predators of all kinds. She turned down one customer located near a community of Turks who, she feared, might have found the lure of shish kebab on the hoof irresistible.

VAN DORP WITH A FLOCK OF THE LAWN-MUNCHING SHEEP SHE RENTS OUT IN GERMANY





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Man at the Center

In his 58-year career as a master builder, Finland's Alvar Aalto won architectural award after award, and became perhaps his small nation's most famous figure—in effect, a national monument. When he died last week, at 78, Finland—and indeed the entire world of architecture—mourned his loss.

Aalto built widely in Finland and Scandinavia with a few structures elsewhere in Europe and the U.S. A total individualist, he broke away from stiff neoclassicism and stark Bauhaus, and ranks with Frank Lloyd Wright, Le Corbusier and Mies van der Rohe as an architectural innovator. Unlike such men, however, he never issued architectural rules, attracted many disciples, or even handed down sculptural forms to copy. His work remains influential mainly for what are really moral reasons. "Architecture—the real thing," Aalto once said, "is only to be found when man stands in the center." All architects talk about the fact that buildings shape men's lives, but Aalto passionately lived by and built upon that idea.

Hard-drinking and imperious (he once stoned an offending electric sign because it ruined his view), Aalto blazed into prominence in the 1930s. His first celebrated works were a library in Viipuri and a tuberculosis sanatorium in Paimio. Their design was lean, clean, direct and even witty; in Aalto's hands, the meeting of an undulating ceiling and a wall could result in a line as playful and zesty as a Miro sketch.

FINNISH ARCHITECT ALVAR AALTO



That delight in line continued. But after World War II, Aalto abandoned crisp functionalism—"inhuman dandyism," he called it. His freestanding works became more complicated and took on steadily more mysterious, evocative forms (TIME, Aug. 25). His grand public structures—most notably Finlandia House, Helsinki's conference and concert center—stir an exhilarating sense of place and occasion. Aalto's town halls, designed for Seinäjoki, Siinänsalo and other small Finnish cities, use light and space to create a kind of civic intimacy. No concept was too large for his attention (he laid out whole towns and complete universities) or too small; he even designed special door pulls to fit the hand.

Human Experience. Aalto thought that buildings should emphasize man's relationship to nature. In the countryside, his irregular shapes tend to echo the asymmetries of lakes, rocks, plants. Even in cities, he created buildings that separated people from street traffic, often by the use of internal gardens. He preferred to work in brick and wood, because those natural materials were closer to "the human experience."

It has been said that no matter where Aalto worked, he carried Finland in his bones, just as James Joyce carried Ireland. Perhaps so. It is a pity for the rest of the world that so much of Aalto's work is in remote Finland. For a serious lesson is implicit in all his work: great architecture can be for people. His countrymen understood that. They would crowd into tour buses, pass by his office and proudly listen to the guide say, "That is where Alvar Aalto works."

Furusode and Sō-Hitta

In a time of ready-to-wear, mass-produced clothes, the kimono of old Japan seems a fabled anachronism, like phoenix feathers. In the Edo period, for example, between the early 17th and middle 19th centuries, the art of designing and dyeing those full-sleeved, sashed garments reached its peak. Fortunes were expended on kimono by merchants and nobles, whose wives might, on formal occasions, wear 20 layers of shimmering robes. Since the 8th century they have been the stuff of poetry:

HIS UNIVERSITY OF TECHNOLOGY AT OTANIEMI

*Whose sleeves do you enfold
While leaving me to lie here
Night after night
Alone on my widest robe?*

The first character of this verse by the 11th century Lady Sagami, "Tagasode: whose Sleeves..." has been adopted as the title of the spring exhibition that opens this week at New York's Japan House Gallery. It consists of 43 elaborate Edo-period kimono, chosen from 11,000 examples from Japan's foremost private collection. Almost all the techniques of kimono making—especially the two major ones, tie-dyeing and resist-dyeing—are on view in examples of the highest quality (see color).

The show illustrates how immaterial the distinction the West draws between art and craft was in traditional Japanese culture: a *kosode*, or small-sleeved robe—like the 17th century garment in two colors of figured satin, the jagged yellow sheet sweeping diagonally upward across its black ground—is as satisfying a work of art as any scroll or painted screen. Some kimono are filmy and almost blank, with patterns and emblems grouped in small areas. Others, like the *takarazukushi*, or "myriad treasures" robes, swarming with thousands of embroidered good-luck symbols, look thick enough to stand up on their own.

Whatever the material or the subject, the sense of design never falters. Nor the painstaking labor required of kimono makers. The most difficult technique was known as *sō-hitta*, or overall tie-dyeing. The word suggests rich hies in blotchy homemade tank tops, but the Japanese craftsmen of the Edo period raised this system of knotting and immersion-dyeing to a most taxing pitch of subtlety. The *furusode* ("swinging sleeves" kimono), with its design of a lone pine tree running up the back, required hundreds of thousands of knots, each placed with fanatical precision so that the untied (and hence colored) portions of the fabric made the "drawing" of the design. Each knot was tied over the point of a silver nail and had to be removed with diminutive scissors.

Perpetual Discontent. Only one craftsman could work on the kimono since, as Textile Historian Nishimura Hyobu remarks in the catalogue notes, "a change of workers—or even a brief illness—could result in an irreparable alteration of the rhythm of the tying and the evenness of the results." The knots took more than a year to tie and another year to undo, one by one. Because the process cost so much, the making of *sō-hitta* was outlawed by the Japanese sumptuary laws of 1683, which attempted to control extravagance in clothing. But the tie-dyed kimono remain, frail monuments to man's perpetual discontent with his own skin. **Robert Hughes**





17th century tie-dyed and painted kimono.



Resist-dyed child's kimono from 19th century.



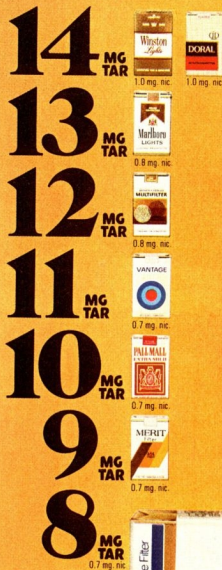
Tie-dyed and embroidered kimono (19th century).



*19th century purple satin tie-dyed kimono
(with inset detail).*

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The Irish Disorder

Author Honor Tracy calls it "double-speak, double-think"—the typically Irish form of banter that says one thing and means another. It has helped produce a race of verbally agile writers, politicians and pub crawlers. If McGill University Psychiatrist H.B.M. Murphy is correct, it is also producing a high rate of schizophrenia on the old sod.

At the second annual Conference on Schizophrenia, in Rochester, Dr. Murphy reported that the incidence of schizophrenia in the Republic of Ireland is nearly triple the rate of the disease among Irish in Canada and Northern Ireland. His conclusion: Irish double-speak creates intolerable levels of ambiguity that help produce schizophrenia. Many researchers consider schizophrenia a genetic disorder, while others believe it is produced by cultural pressures. Dr. Murphy's view of the problem among the Irish goes down the middle: though schizophrenia probably requires a genetic predisposition, it is triggered more often where the Irish are unmixed with other races, less often when the presence of other ethnic groups eases the pressure of Irish double-speak.

Like most analysts of Irish culture, Dr. Murphy (a Scot) assumes that Irish expression was shaped by nearly 800 years of English domination. "You get this very commonly in a defeated people where the new master never gets a straight answer," he said. "I would guess that double-speak had something to do with the fact that the Irish family and community could not tolerate open hos-

tility. It always had to be suppressed, and using double language enabled them to do it. For some, it is an enjoyable game. But for those with a genetic predisposition to schizophrenia, there is a critical level where they get hurt."

Dr. Murphy reached his conclusion after rejecting other possible explanations: uncertain standards of diagnosis, some special genetic factor and the oft-expressed notion that the best of the Irish have emigrated, leaving the most vulnerable behind. "Having ruled out everything else," he said, "one has to look for some characteristic in Irish social life."

Still, schizophrenia is a poorly understood condition, one that has never been successfully defined. Under the circumstances, the Irish may require a bit more proof that their rich oral tradition is a breeder of madness.

Envy and Infants

Radical feminists regard Sigmund Freud as the ultimate male chauvinist—and with some reason. The master taught that women are masochistic, secretive, insincere, dependent and jealous, have little sense of justice and become more rigid and unchangeable at an earlier age than men.

Nothing in the Freudian canon, however, outrages feminists more than the notion of penis envy—that female identity hinges on the crippling discovery that boys have penises and girls do not. Thus the latest psychoanalytic research on the question, due in a forthcoming issue of the *Journal of the American Psychoanalytic Association*, is bound to incur feminist wrath. Says Co-Author Dr. Eleanor Galenson of New York's Albert Einstein College of Medicine: "Some women's lib people have felt that penis envy is a dirty word, but there is no doubt that it occurs, and much earlier than Freud thought."

Dr. Galenson and her colleague, Psychoanalyst Herman Roiphe, have spent nine years studying infants ten months and older at the Albert Einstein Research Nursery. Their finding: all 30 of the girls studied so far showed "some degree of disturbance when they got to the awareness of genital difference, whereas little boys did not."

Pens and Pencils. The crisis typically occurs at the age of 15 to 17 months, the researchers report, and can range from mild to severe. The girls most disturbed by the absence of a penis and feelings of castration may reject their toilet training, have difficulty sleeping or eating, develop a sudden interest in such phallic objects as pens and pencils, or complain to their mothers that their dolls have no penises. Even in milder cases, notes Dr. Galenson, the play of girls becomes much more intricate and

BURNETT—CONTRAST



ANALYSTS ROIPHE & GALENSON
Much earlier than Freud thought.

involved than that of boys. "It could be," she says, "that the need of little girls to confront a frustration so early in life may lead to a lot of creative activity."

Some psychoanalytic researchers play down Freud's heavy emphasis on infant sexuality, arguing that it is merely one of many variables in early childhood that shape individual psychology. To Galenson and Roiphe, however, infant sexuality is crucial: they found that children around the age of 16 months are "very aware of sexual differences," easily aroused sexually, and in fact are masturbating as part of normal development. Dr. Galenson fears that adult sexual problems like frigidity may have their origins in these early months of life. To minimize these disturbances, she suggests that parents not flaunt sexual differences by marching around nude in front of young children or show strong disapproval of masturbation. Parents should also be constantly available to their children during the critical and insecure age of 15 to 17 months.

Outside the psychoanalytic world, the Galenson-Roiphe findings are likely to be taken with many grains of salt. Even inside it, some are doubtful about inferences that can legitimately be drawn from the behavior of very young children. Still, the research bolsters the conviction of most analysts that penis envy is a substantial problem for girls. Says Psychoanalyst Robert J. Stoller, author of *Sex and Gender* and one of the few analysts to study the behavior of infants: "We can easily detect boys' and girls' attitudes about penises; they still find them impressive."

THE TENSIONS OF "DOUBLE-SPEAK"



Dance Candor

The Royal Danish Ballet is one of dance's most venerable institutions. With a 200-year history, the Danes claim the oldest continuous tradition in ballet, except for the Paris Opéra, and their dancers are renowned for crisp footwork and ineffable lightness. They still have a few surprises tucked away, however, as audiences at Washington, D.C.'s Kennedy Center learned last week when the visiting company unveiled Choreographer Flemming Flindt's *Triumph of Death*—and even undressed a few of the dancers.

"If you take the sensuous, corporeal expression away from dance, it becomes stuffy," says Copenhagen-born Flindt, 39, the company's artistic director. Little danger of anyone calling Flindt stuffy. *The Lesson*, his choreographic debut, was a startlingly effective piece about a psychopathic ballet master. Although Flindt has kept the cherished classics like *La Sylphide* and *Napoli* well polished, he has introduced the "modern feet" of Paul Taylor and Murray Louis. Trying to inject more reality in Danish ballet, he decided on a more sexual, dynamic, aggressive approach. One result was *Triumph of Death*, inspired by Ionesco's play *Jeux de Massacre*. When word leaked that it called for nudity, many feared for the Danes' long heritage of restrained artistry. Never before had a major classical ballet incorporated total nudity in dance.

Flindt's doomsday piece documents

the death of a small town—or perhaps the end of the world—to a rather syrupy, amiably melodic pop-rock score by Thomas Koppel. Shrouded in a black plastic mantle, Death stalks, pointing, closing doors, and in general mopping up human fallout from air pollution. In one scene a rich man strips and frantically slathers his body in red disinfectant. The much-vaunted nude orgy takes place in a boutique where women tussle greedily over clothes and jewels. It occupies about four of the work's 80 minutes.

Pulse Beats. In Denmark this balletic theater of the absurd is said to draw an enthusiastic young audience. Certainly it is harmless, if overly long. Those who really want to sample typical Danish dancing are better advised to see Flindt's imaginative choreography in the leafy setting of Vivaldi's *Four Seasons*.

The Danish dancers fly and sweep through space in broad arcs. Yet they are totally unlike the flashy, athletic Russians of the Bolshoi or Kirov ballets. The Danish presentation is modest rather than showy. Dancing the role of Winter, Mette Hønen—her arms gently curved and her shoulders very straight—gazed directly at the audience and glided through intricate patterns of quick, tiny steps that flowed like pulse beats. This is the true Danish style—a soft, romantic candor. It traces its roots to French ballet and is a legacy of August Bournonville, the chief designer of the Danes' classic technique, who studied in Paris before being appointed the Danish ballet master in 1830.

Some of his works are still preserved in the repertory. The third act of *Napoli*, the best-loved Bournonville ballet, is a showcase of solos, duets and ensembles of sparkling virtuosity. *Napoli* is in dance's *derrière garde*. No one disrobes. The Danes perform the work just as His Majesty's troupe first presented it 134 years ago. Americans, who have survived gogo dancers, *Hair* and Haight-Ashbury—a million years ago, it seems—will find it refreshing. And no one could possibly do it quite the way the Danes do. **Joan Downs**

Flotilla of Fun

What's in a flag? To George Balanchine, who is as symbol-minded as the next choreographer, a flag stands for the ritualistic, pride-bearing side of a nation. How and why the repetitious pace of ritual should be transformed into dance are ques-

tions that Balanchine alone seems able to answer. In *Stars and Stripes* (1958), he made a brilliant humoresque out of close-order and other U.S. military drills. In his latest creation, the hour-long *Union Jack*, he has come up with a visually stunning, three-part *divertissement* that masses the clans, changes the guard and salutes the Queen.

Part I unfurls to the ominous tattoo of unaccompanied drums. Six Scots clans and one all-girl Canadian regiment strut forth for a radiant massing of the colors. Rouben Ter-Arutunian's kilts are ravishing in their tartan greens, blues, yellows, scarlets and burgundies. At first the clans, led by soloists as Jacques d'Amboise, Karin von Arolindgen and Suzanne Farrell, yield the floor to each other for classical ballet variations on the reel, jig and sword dance. But what Balanchine weaves at the end is a counterpart in motion for the plaid costumes. As 70 dancers—the largest ensemble Balanchine has ever used—march past one another in columns, one can almost see the choreographer's loom working.

Dandied Breed. The second part features Patricia McBride and Jean-Pierre Bonnefous as a couple of turn-of-the-century footlight entertainers who dance to old music-hall songs. Their act is based on the antics of a dandied breed of street hawkers known as costermongers (after the costard apple). It is frail, bathetic stuff, yet touching for the loneliness Balanchine suggests.

In the finale, he calls out the British navy. Against a shimmering pastel backdrop of ships and harbor waters, the company reassembles for a flotilla of fun. Salutes, crawl strokes and the gestures associated with rope hauling are incorporated into Balanchine's choreographic concept as smoothly as the *jeté* and *fouetté*. The leader of a squad of WRENS (women's naval service), Farrell ambles sexily, as though she had a chip on her hip or, just perhaps, an invisible set of bagpipes. If such a thing as an apotheosis of the side can be imagined, Farrell has done it. The evening ends wholesomely, however: the orchestra strikes up *Rule Britannia*, a huge *Union Jack* is lowered as a backdrop and the ensemble, now holding semaphores, spells out GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

Like the still snappy *Stars and Stripes*, the new *Union Jack* should become a staple at the New York City Ballet. Balanchine plans to combine them, then add *Tricolor*, a celebration of France, promised for 1977. The result will be a full night's entertainment called *Entente Cordiale*. It should be fun. It should also reaffirm *Union Jack*'s basic assertion that tribute is possible without aesthetic taxation and its suggestion that glory, old or otherwise, is where you find it.

William Bender

NUDE SCENE IN TRIUMPH OF DEATH

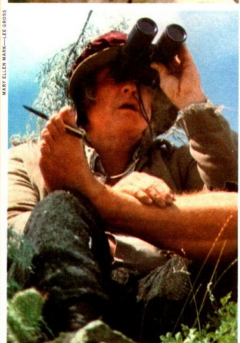
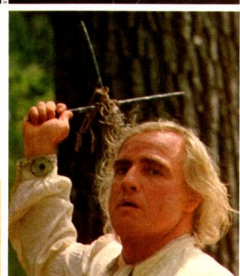
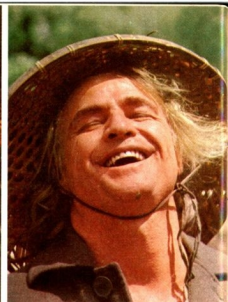
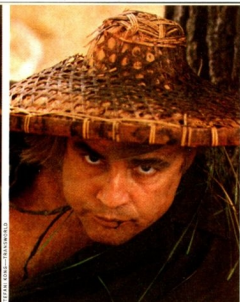




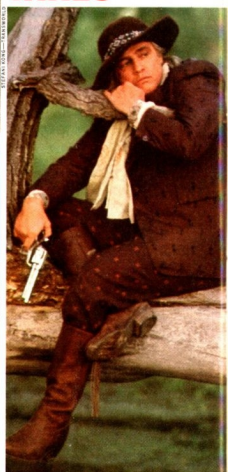
PHOTOGRAPHS FOR TIME BY MARTHA SNOW

(Top) Jacques d'Amboise as Scottish clan leader in Union Jack;
Suzanne Farrell as a WREN. (Bottom) Company signaling with semaphore flags.





BRANDO BETWEEN TAKES



The Private World of Marlon Brando

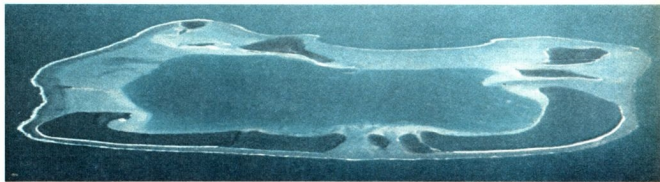
Nearly 30 years ago, Marlon Brando exploded on the Broadway stage as Stanley Kowalski in *A Streetcar Named Desire*. Since then he has become the leading movie actor of his generation. Some of his films have been good; more have been awful. No matter. Audiences could always count on Brando for performances that were surprising, overwhelming in their power, sometimes perversely idiosyncratic—his foppish Mr. Christian in *Mutiny on the Bounty*, for example. At the very least, there was always an unforgettable moment or two, like the garden scene in *The Godfather* in which he mugs for his grandchild.

bucket and handed one to me. Brando read my fear. "Don't worry," he shouted. "When the rain hits, it will flatten the sea... the weight of the rain water." Our boat sped into the wall of rain; the sea flattened, and a few minutes later we beached the boat on the white sands of a small, S-shaped island—Brando's bird sanctuary.

There are very few birds left on the Polynesian islands because of the local practice of collecting eggs and selling them at market. Brando plans to turn this island over to the French government as a sanctuary. I followed him as he waded hip-deep into a shallow la-

Polynesian king and had received the islands as a gift. The sale ended a ten-year search by the actor "for a place on this earth to hang my hat." He narrowed his choices to Mexico, Bali, Bangkok and finally decided on Tetiaroa, which he had first seen in 1961 while filming *Mutiny on the Bounty*.

Brando's methodical search was based on the grimmest of calculations: "I'm convinced the world is doomed. The end is near. I wanted a place where my family and I could be self-sufficient and survive." The abysmal state of the human condition is Brando's obsession. "I know I'm a bore on the subject of the



AERIAL VIEW OF BRANDO'S ATOLL & TETIAROA, A GENTLE GREEN LAGOON 30 MILES NORTH OF TAHITI

Brando loves to mug in real life too, as the pictures taken on *The Missouri Breaks* set show (see color page).

Over the years he has become a figure somewhat larger than life. Among his colleagues he has no peer. "He gave us our freedom," says Jack Nicholson. Brando himself is stubborn about his freedom—to champion unpopular causes, to choose his own scripts and, above all, to lead a very private life on the island of Tetiaroa, 30 miles north of Tahiti. There last week, *TIME* Correspondent Leo Janos became the first American journalist to interview Brando in his isolated tropical paradise.

"My first impulse," Brando later admitted, "was to run like hell and disappear into the bush. My second was to turn you upside down and plant you, head first, like a coconut tree." Janos spent two days with Brando on the island and escaped without being planted. His report:

Beyond the sand bar, where we had walked the skiff over the shoals at the end of a languorous afternoon, the wind freshened suddenly ahead of a curtain of rain. The usually placid tropical lagoon hurled water into the skiff. The three of us were drenched. Willie, a local fisherman, grinned at the adventure. Our hulking captain frowned, grabbed a

goon. Brando dropped into the water floating on his back; I did likewise. A brilliant rainbow arched over the island. Above us were hundreds of wheeling birds and an early half-moon. Our bodies turned slowly in the warm water until we faced the lowering sun. Brando smiled impishly. "Just a typical day's end in paradise," he said.

Loping Stride. We walked the perimeter of the island, Marlon leading the way. From the back, he looked like a young heavyweight boxer: broad shoulders, thick, sinewy arms and rock-hard legs. The loping stride is strong. Only the white hair, cut short, betrayed his age. Suddenly Brando turned toward me and the illusion of youth vanished. That famous face with its jutting forehead and broken nose is a face that has seen and experienced everything. His wet shirt hugged a fat belly. "Poachers," Brando whispered, looking at two young Polynesian boys lying on the sand. They smiled nervously. Brando studied them hard for a moment and slowly moved away. "They're O.K.," he said. "They're trapping lobsters." The kids were lucky not to have been egg hunting. Even at 52 and 40 lbs. overweight, Marlon Brando could have taught a forceful lesson in honesty.

Brando bought the islands ten years ago from the widow of a Canadian dentist whose father had been doctor to a

American Indian," he said. "But people haven't become emotionally involved in the subject."

Brando now spends half the year in this retreat, where life and problems are simpler. He lives in a thatch-roofed hut, shaded by tall palm trees, at the edge of a white beach. It is one large room with lift-up frond shutters that invite the gentle sea breeze. In addition to a large bed festooned with mosquito netting, the room contains a refrigerator and gas-fed stove. In the back, separated by a wall, is a flush toilet and shower. The place is comfortable but fairly primitive, very much a man's digs.

Brando's life conforms to his surroundings. He rises shortly before sunrise (about 5 a.m.) and goes to bed early (9 p.m.). "I love to walk the beach naked at night," he said, "with just the wind caressing my body. It's an awesome sense of freedom and very sensual." Sometimes, to get away entirely, he takes his boat to one of his eleven uninhabited islands and sleeps on the beach.

Two pretty girls—Eddy, a Polynesian, and Eriko, a Japanese—attend to his needs, and three men work with him on repairs and projects. "I'm never bored or lonely," says Brando. "If there's no one to talk to, I read. Reading is conversation in a way." At the moment he

How to Steal a Movie

THE MISSOURI BREAKS

Directed by ARTHUR PENN

Screenplay by THOMAS MCGUANE

In the course of portraying a psychopathic "regulator"—a hired gun charged by a Montana cattle baron with ridding his range of rustlers—Marlon Brando employs three distinct accents and wears, among other exotic items, a gorgeously fringed buckskin jacket, a coolie's hat and, finally, a grandmotherly gingham dress with a poke bonnet.

Obviously, his performance in *The Missouri Breaks* does not suffer from an excess of discipline. Indeed, it is fair to say that it is gaudy and disruptive to the balance of forces Director Penn must surely have wanted to maintain between Brando and Jack Nicholson, the man regarded as Brando's likely successor as the best and most powerful actor in

films. Nicholson, who plays the leader of the outlaw band that Brando is tracking, develops with restraint a portrayal of a man moving almost unconsciously from raunchiness to respectability.

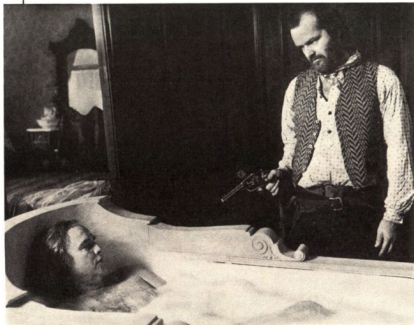
Yet the picture belongs to Brando. The crazy daring, the reckless bravado of his work simply overpowers everything else on the screen. You groan, you shake your head, you laugh wildly at each new lunacy, but you cannot help being fascinated by the man. In the gloomy middle years of his career, he used to demonstrate his contempt for the medium by giving the smallest part of his talents. Now he has apparently decided to give too much, to parody himself. His work in *Missouri Breaks* is not so much a performance as it is a finger thrust joyously upward by an actor who has survived everything, including his own self-destructive impulses.

While the picture belongs to Brando, it is a nice question whether *The Missouri Breaks* is worth owning. Penn has peopled it with interesting, unfamiliar faces, and shot it with obviously strong feelings for the landscape and period detail of the 1880s. Yet the strong technique is enlisted in the service of a very modest irony that has become one of the basic banalities of the modern western. Once again, the works of nature are shown to have grandeur and innocence, while the works of man are everywhere perceived as squalid pollutants.

The director's limits match all too well the shortcomings of his writer. McGuane has just one small, familiar idea to toy to death. It is that those who uphold the law are less delightful, what with their hypocrisy and all, than his merry band of outlaws. They demonstrate exemplary camaraderie and a shrewd aw-shucks kind of existential humor. It does not really help much that this funny stuff is juxtaposed with sudden bursts of the most brutal violence, thus demonstrating that whatever grace notes we find in life, a rather grubby mortality always has its stinger out.

McGuane gives his major actors only one effective scene when a vengeful Nicholson has Brando at his mercy in a bathtub and lets him go. But far from satisfying the audience, it leaves it wishing for more. McGuane's is an essentially adolescent sensibility, tough-talking but sentimental about how nasty death keeps intruding on his good ole boys. In the circumstances, one comes to admire Brando even more. Apparently, he was the only major participant in the project to see that it was a load of nonsense and that the only honorable course was to send it up. His efforts along that line—bless his heart—are an act of creative subversion and provide moviegoers with the one reason for seeing the film.

Richard Schickel



NICHOLSON ALMOST PULLS THE PLUG ON BRANDO IN HIS BUBBLE BATH

is conversing with the German philosopher Nietzsche.

The bookshelf in his bedroom is filled with scientific journals on aquafarming, solar energy and the like. Brando's experiments in these areas are momentarily dormant because of a grandiose commercial enterprise that flopped, at a cost to him of \$500,000. Two years ago Actor Brando became an innkeeper on Tetiaroa. On his tight little island, he constructed 21 thatched-roofed huts, including three bars and a dining room, and hired a staff of about 40.

From the outset, the scheme was doomed. Storms and high tides washed through the huts, causing constant and

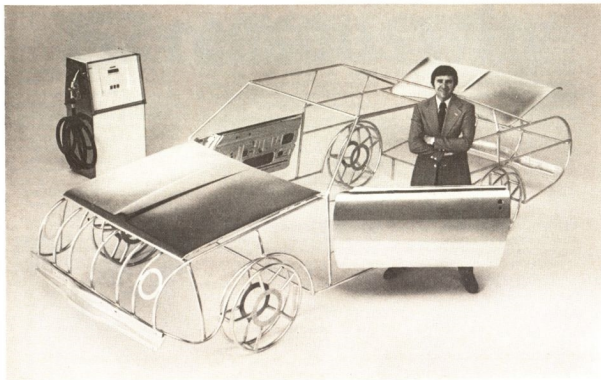
costly repairs. Although the cottages were filled in the summer months, the resort never came close to breaking even. Brando was driven to distraction by "middle-aged ladies from Peoria telling me, 'Mr. Brando, we loved you as Napoleon'—Napoleon, for Christ's sake—and asking for my autograph, while their husbands shove me against the wall to pose with the little lady." Admits Brando: "It was a bad idea, and it was badly managed. Why did I do it? Because I love having projects, even bad ones. I don't want to sit on an island like a meditative Buddha."

Brando a Buddha? Unlikely. Not the pugnacious, trigger-tempered, tempestuous Marlon Brando who broke a pho-

tographer's jaw three years ago, seduced and abandoned nearly as many women as Don Juan, insulted and scorned more than a few of the world's notables. Not long ago, while snorkeling in his lagoon, he punched a marauding whitetip shark in the snout. The shark fled.

Yet he is a gentle and considerate man to those he likes. He detests obsequiousness. "I notice," he says, "that the width of a Hollywood smile in my direction is commensurate with how my last picture grossed." No one relishes candor like Marlon Brando. "I suppose you think I'm just another asshole actor?" he asks rhetorically. "No," comes the reply, "an asshole actor with heavy pretensions." Brando roars with glee. Tell him you think he is the acting genius of his generation and he will snort with anger and walk away.

"Acting," he says, "is an empty and useless profession. I do it for the money because for me there is no pleasure. The



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 **ALCOA**

CINEMA

fact is, there are no contemporary writers of importance. Not one. O'Neill and Tennessee Williams had moments, but I don't regard them as great classical writers. Movies? Forget it. I'm convinced that the larger the gross, the worse the picture. Bergman and Buñuel are visionaries, wonderful artists and craftsmen. How many people in the world have ever seen one of their films or ever heard of them? How can you take movies seriously? You go on the set with the script in your back pocket. You take it out and read: 'Let's see ... in this one Brando plays an Indian who attacks the stagecoach.' O.K., let's roll 'em. Commercialized glop, not worth thinking about."

Potato Latke. But Brando does think. When he arrived in Montana for *The Missouri Breaks*, he had definite ideas for changing his character which he says "was as heavy as potato latke." (Brando's speech is loaded with Yiddish-

will arrive. Poor Jack Nicholson. He's right at the center, cranking the whole thing out while I'm zipping around like a firefly. I wanted the character to be different, a serious study of the American Indian. But Arthur Penn said, 'Gee, Marlon, not at these prices [\$1.5 million for Brando]! So I countered, 'Arthur, at least let me have some fun.'"

Brando was disappointed by his most notorious film, *Last Tango in Paris*. "Bertolucci was a very sensitive director, but I didn't like the movie. It was too calculated, designed to make an impact rather than a statement. Bernardo wanted me to screw Maria Schneider on the screen. I told him, 'That's impossible. If that happens, our sex organs become the centerpiece of the film.' He never did agree with me. *The Godfather*? What the hell did I know about a 65-year-old Italian who smokes twisted goat-shit cigars?" The young actor he admires most

GREY VILLET

is Robert De Niro, who played the young Godfather. "I doubt he really knows how good he is," says Brando.

Nowadays Brando serves notice on producers and directors that he will work no longer than three weeks on a film. In July he will put in three weeks for Francis Ford Coppola in Manila, playing the commander of a group of renegade Green Berets in the Viet Nam film *Apocalypse*. His pay: \$2 million. Says Brando: "I'm nearing the end of the line. I figure I've got about two shells left in the chamber. One of them is going to be a picture I want to do about the American Indian."

He sees himself as being little more than a tenuous survivor in the deadly game of life. He credits 15 years on a psychiatrist's couch with keeping him in the ranks of the walking wounded. "I was shot full of holes," he says. "But I was given a big bowl of chicken soup and told, 'Drink

this. You are going to need it because you are going down into a very cold, scary mine! Lots of love and chicken soup helped me through the trip.' But among his heaviest losses was the death two years ago of his closest friend, Comedian Wally Cox, a childhood friend from back in Evanston, Ill. "He was my brother. I can't tell you how much I miss and love that man," Brando says. "I have Wally's ashes in my house. I talk to him all the time."

Now Brando's life revolves around his four children. "Four kids by three different women," he muses. "I had a real Ford assembly line going through out much of my life. If you're rich and famous, getting laid a lot isn't that difficult. I knew what I was doing, but I didn't know why I was doing it. I still don't have all the answers."

He is particularly happy with his relationship with Eldest Son Christian (mother: Anna Kashfi), who is 18 and about to enter college in Los Angeles. "I not only love him, I like him. We spend a lot of time together." Another son is in a private school in Idaho. The other day his father made a quick hop from Tahiti to "sit on him a little and shape him up."

Brando keeps his private life on Tahiti very secluded. He has two children by Tarita, who was a 19-year-old beauty in *Mutiny on the Bounty*. They live on Tahiti. "I see them on weekends," says their father. "They fly to Tetiaroa or I go to them. I don't think I will let them go to the States. As Tahitians, they are too trusting. They would be destroyed in the pace of life in the States."

Brando and Tarita are still good friends. Says Marlon, "I remember being furious with her because she fed so much candy and gum—so bad for the teeth—to the baby. She said to me, 'What can I do? He wants it.' Tahitians treat children as people who have legitimate wants and needs. None of this I-know-better-because-I'm-your-parent syndrome. I respect it. But I've learned not to try to go native mentally ... not to try to assume their mind frame. My first seven years as a child growing up in Illinois always gets in the way, and I meet myself coming around the other side of the island."

We returned from the bird sanctuary with the last rays of sunlight. The lagoon was a gentle green color set against the dramatic black silhouette of Tetiaroa. Brando pointed up to the first evening star visible in the dimming sky. A strange, almost mystical feeling pervaded, as if one could slip overboard and sink beneath the soft sea to become part of all that beauty. "Don't worry, you'd swim," Marlon laughed when I told him later about my strange impulse. "But I know exactly what you mean. It's happened to me many times."

LEADBELLY

Directed by GORDON PARKS
Screenplay by ERNEST KNOX

One mean mountain of a man, Huddie Ledbetter, usually known as Leadbelly, lived rough and hard. You could hear it all in his voice and in the wonderful, raw blues that he played on his twelve-string. It is good to remember the facts seeing *Leadbelly*, because in the movie Huddie has been considerably sanitized.

Thanks in large part to some good period detail by Director Gordon Parks and a fine performance by Roger E. Mosley in the title role, *Leadbelly* at least maintains a degree of dignity and professionalism that sets it apart from such charades as *Lady Sings the Blues*. Parks shows a careful eye for small evocative details on ragged stretches of back-country roads in Texas and Louisiana and for the full-dress promenade on Fannin Street, the wickedest thorough-



BRANDO & TARITA IN *MUTINY* (1961)
Zipping like a firefly.

isms, from his days in New York with Stella Adler, the famous acting teacher, and her family. "I'm all Jew," boasts the Protestant-born Brando.)

He changed the entire flavor of his character—a bounty hunter called Robert E. Lee Clayton—inventing a deadly hand weapon resembling both a harpoon and a mace that he uses to kill. "I always wondered why in the history of lethal weapons no one invented that particular one. It appealed to me because I used to be very expert at knife throwing."

He acknowledges the theft of the movie: "For the first 20 pages of script, I'm the character everyone is talking about—'He's coming, he's coming.' On page 21 I arrive. I can do anything ... move like an eel dipped in Vaseline. I'm the guy they keep promising

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CINEMA

fare in Shreveport and surely the sprightliest.

The movie is based on biographical material compiled by John and Alan Lomax, who were doing folk-music research for the Library of Congress in the 1930s. *Leadbelly* is at some considerable pains to get its protagonist off the hook. Imprisoned twice on separate murder charges, Leadbetter sang and reminisced for the Lomaxes. Later he had little good to say about the way John Lomax set his story down. "He did not write nothing like I told him," the subject complained—although there remains a better than fair chance that these were the second thoughts of an ex-con embarrassed by his own candor. Leadbelly might have found this movie more to his liking, which is part of the problem. The screenplay puts Huddle



MOSLEY AS LEADBELLY
Reckless sensuality.

into situations where he seems to have no choice but to kill. He emerges as a man innocent, put-upon and perennially puzzled by the cruel vicissitudes of life, who would just like to get on with his singing and his rambling.

The Lomax version shows Leadbelly as both a genius and a dangerously wild creature. The violence, the bitterness and the reckless sensuality that make Leadbelly's music great can hardly be seen here for all the laundering. The music is not, as one might reasonably expect, taken from the acoustically imperfect recordings of Leadbelly himself but is performed anew by a Berkeley blues singer named HiTide Harris, accompanied by white folk-guitarist Dick Rosmini. The songs sound the way the whole movie feels: smooth, eager to please, defused.

J.C.

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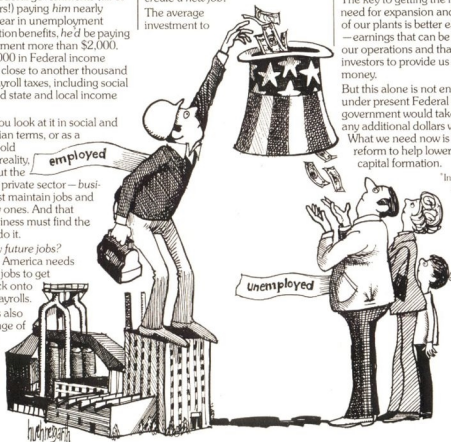
create a single new job opportunity in manufacturing is around \$25,000. By 1980, it'll be at least \$35,000 (or \$52½ billion to create 1½ million new jobs).

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SPY SROUJI BLOWING COVER IN TESTIMONY

A Special Relationship

For a part-time, night-shift copy editor who rarely did any reporting, Jacques Srouji, 31, had remarkably good sources at the FBI. Hardly had she rejoined the Nashville *Tennessean* last fall after five years as a housewife and freelance writer when she was able to give its editors late-night details about a statewide FBI strike against illegal betting parlors and tip them off about a raid on a local business suspected of fraud.

Last week the secret of Srouji's success was out—and so was Srouji. For more than a decade she had been acting as an FBI informer, receiving bureau leaks in return for information on black activists, student radicals, dissident groups and, possibly, her professional colleagues. Srouji thus became the first journalist to be identified as an FBI informant since the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence recently disclosed that the bureau has for years been using reporters and editors in various collaborative roles. And she became the first journalist to be fired for such activity when *Tennessean* Publisher John Seigenthaler summarily dismissed her.

Srouji's ties to the FBI might have gone undetected if she had not been involved in another sensitive matter: the mysterious death of Karen Silkwood (TIME, Jan. 20, 1975). An Oklahoma plutonium worker active in her union, Silkwood was killed in a 1974 auto accident while on the way to tell a reporter about alleged health and nuclear safety violations in the plant where she worked. Just before returning to the *Tennessean*, Srouji finished writing *Critical Mass*, a paean to the nuclear industry to be released this summer by Aurora

Publishers Inc., a small Nashville concern. The book casts Silkwood in an unflattering light, raising questions about drug usage and her sex habits. Called last month to testify before a House subcommittee investigating nuclear safeguards, Srouji disclosed that the FBI had shown her nearly 1,000 pages of bureau documents on the Silkwood case for use in her book. When Agent Lawrence J. Olson Sr., 43, was called before the subcommittee staff, he disclosed the FBI had a "special relationship" with Srouji.

Free Ride. That relationship apparently began in 1964, when Srouji joined the Nashville *Banner* as a reporter soon after graduating from high school. In 1971 Srouji told a journalist neighbor that the late James Stahlman, president and publisher of the *Banner*, had encouraged her to turn over her notes on civil rights demonstrations to the FBI. Her contact was Agent Olson, with whom she developed a close personal relationship. Though it is believed she was never paid for being an informant, she has said the FBI underwrote a 1964 trip to Michigan, where she spied on a meeting of New Left activists.

Srouji joined the *Tennessean* in 1969 as a copy editor but left a year later because her husband, S.H. Srouji, a state highway engineer, did not like her working at night. A year and a half ago, she sold two articles about the nuclear safety controversy to *Nashville* magazine. It was when Aurora asked her to write a book on the subject that she re-established her contact with Olson, now assigned to the FBI's Oklahoma City office, where he helped conduct the bureau's Silkwood investigation. Over a two-month period, Srouji testified, she was allowed to photocopy bureau summaries of the inquiry. Some months before Srouji rejoined the *Tennessean* last fall, she began passing information to the FBI. This included details of interviews for her book that she conducted at the Soviet embassy with a Russian nuclear physicist. One chapter title: "My Friend, the Russian."

After Srouji's cover was blown last month by her own congressional testimony, Publisher Seigenthaler questioned her and learned that the FBI recently had asked her about the political views of two *Tennessean* staff members: Columnist Dolph Honicker, an outspoken critic of nuclear power; and Jerry Hornsby, a copy editor who was until recently a member of the Socialist Party, U.S.A. Srouji insisted that she had defended the pair, but Seigenthaler dismissed her on the spot. "The moment it appears that the FBI is using any member of this staff as a conduit to check on any other member, then I have to cut off that conduit," he said.

By week's end it was beginning to look like Srouji might have been more

than a conduit—even an *agent provocateur*. Hornsby recalled she was conspicuously active in left-wing politics, and recently delivered a bitter diatribe at a public meeting against police surveillance of left-wingers. Honicker said that this spring she suggested that the two of them tear down a Gerald Ford photograph in the Nashville Federal Office Building as a protest act. They went to do it at midnight and found the building, customarily locked at 5:30 p.m., wide-open. Suddenly suspicious, Honicker said he quickly departed.

What motivated Srouji to become an FBI spy? "Back in the 1960s the FBI had a better image," suggests Dominic de Loranzo, publisher of her book. "You take an 18-year-old reporter and tell her you're going to hook her up with the FBI—is she going to say no?" And colleagues at the *Tennessean* suspect that Srouji was trying to impress her editors with her FBI sources last fall in order to be made a full-time reporter. The one person who knows the answers was not around to offer them. Two days after she was fired, Jacques Srouji bundled up two of her three children and drove off; destination unknown.

Following Mary

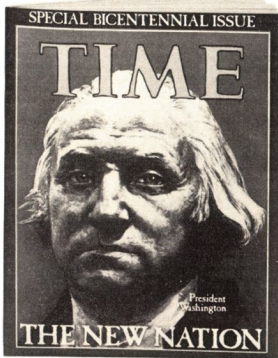
Caught in a breakfast-nook indiscretion with a local cop, Mary Hartman begs Husband Tom for forgiveness. Meanwhile, Mary's neighbor Loretta tells Bedmate "Baby Boy" she is postponing her country-music career to become a missionary. Suddenly, the traumas are interrupted by a series of boffo bulletins. "Tonight, we'll tell you more about Howard Hughes' sex habits... We'll chase a runaway baboon at the airport... and check out wedding bells behind prison walls... Be informed and

ASHMAN TICKLES ROWE & MN2 VIEWERS



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Last year, TIME brought out the first of its Bicentennial special issues — reporting the week of July 4, 1776. An instant sellout, it went on to become the most popular issue in TIME's history.

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TIME'S NEW BICENTENNIAL ISSUE — ON SALE NOW

What do you say to a "lost" child?

Meet Paulo. He's five years old and lives in the streets in a teeming city of Brazil. We lost him.

We spoke to him but briefly and then he darted back into the "favela" (slum) which is his only world. "I cannot return to where my parents live," Paulo said, "because my father always beats me." Then he was gone.

His bed is the dirt pavement, his roof the sky. He finds his food and clothing in garbage. He's always frightened and hungry... his eyes are always searching.

But for many people Paulo is just a statistic. Hungry children in the world are no longer considered important news, even though one-fourth of the world's children like him are almost always hungry and one-tenth on the brink of death because of lack of food. With world population increasing at a conservative estimate of 250,000 per day and food production lagging, it is probable that more than 10 million children will die of hunger within the next year. Will Paulo be one of them?

We don't know, and the chances are remote we can find him again. But we can try, just as we are trying to find assistance for nearly 20,000 children who already are registered by Christian Children's Fund and await a sponsor who will



help provide food, clothing, housing and medical care.

But we need your concern, your help. There are millions of others like Paulo who are barely clinging to life, children old before their time like Paulo—children for whom entry into our program could mean the difference.

We must care about these children. We

must learn to be generous again, with our emotions and concern as well as with our wealth. We must return to the grass roots to assist individuals rather than nations. We must curb our own wastefulness. We must declare war on hunger. We must make a commitment. We must do something.

The world is full of children who are hurting like Paulo. Will you help now? Through the Christian Children's Fund, you can be a part of this grass roots way of sharing your love and relative prosperity with desperate children like Paulo—who want only a chance to survive in a hungry world.

You can sponsor a child for only \$15 a month. Please fill out the coupon and send it with your first monthly check. You will receive your sponsored child's name, address and photograph, plus a description of the child's project and environment. You will be encouraged to write to the child and your letters will be answered.

You can have the satisfaction of knowing your concern made the difference. It is late. Somewhere in the world a child is waiting.

We will send you a Statement of Income and Expense upon request.

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☐ Please send me more information.

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State _____

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THE PRESS

have fun, beginning in three minutes on *MetroNews, MetroNews*."

More than half the 450,000 or so people in Los Angeles who watch *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman* usually stay tuned to KTTV's *MetroNews, MetroNews*. Their loyalty is understandable; most of what they will see and hear could have come straight from Mary. Instead of repeating the substantive news stories other stations serve up at 11 p.m., Los Angeles' Metromedia affiliate courts its carryover *MH2* audience with an 11:30 extravaganza it forthrightly calls "news for people who don't like news."

"Our goal is to keep hip, antinews types from going to bed or switching to Johnny Carson," says KTTV News Director Charles Riley of the 30-min. show. "If we offered straight news after *Mary Hartman*, all you would hear is the sound of sets clicking off." Instead, *MN2* is clicking with an audience that has doubled since the program went on the air three months ago. It now tops Los Angeles' five other independent stations in its time slot and is challenging ABC and the CBS late movie.

Seedy Set. In the irreverent *MN2* mix, serious news is usually engulfed by the fanciful. Stripper Fanne Fox once delivered the weather report; Disc Jockey Wolfman Jack analyzed the New Hampshire primary results; Actress Terry Moore submitted to a polygraph test about shipboard sex with Howard Hughes. Porn Queen Amber Hunt and Mobster Mickey Cohen both graced one of last week's shows with filmed interviews, she on what thrills, he on forged will. The rest of *MetroNews* comes from the ham and hard-boiled-egg match-up of extrovert Anchor Man Charles Rowe, 37, and Reporter-Inquisitor Charles Ashman, 40. A bionic-perfect baritone, Rowe is the ideal foil for Ashman, a sardonic "everyman" who shows up each night with yesterday's stubble. Operating in a seedy city-room set torn from *The Front Page*, they go about earning the sobriquet given them by miffed competitors: the "outhouse news."

But *MN2* offers inside news, too, thanks mainly to Ashman, a former attorney-author who has produced noteworthy scoops. Among them: disclosure of the partial Government subsidy of Nixon's trip to Peking; Barry Goldwater's rapprochement with Nelson Rockefeller; a six-part series on the American Escape Committee, which is responsible for arranging two recent breaks from Mexican jails. Ashman, who admits to some qualms about the *MN2* format, notes: "Two minutes after I broke the story on Nixon's China trip, I was reporting from inside a nudist camp, and four minutes later I was interviewing a goat."

And Rowe has his moments of worry. At first he thought *MN2* would prove to be a "highly perishable commodity." Now he just wishes the show had a bigger staff. Its needs? "Either a street reporter or a comedy writer."

MILESTONES

Engaged. James ("Big Jim") Thompson, 40, towering (6 ft. 6 in.) Republican candidate for Governor of Illinois, and Jayne Ann Carr, 30, an Illinois assistant attorney general. Before he resigned last July after four years as U.S. Attorney for northern Illinois, Thompson had successfully prosecuted several big wheels—and many smaller ones—in Chicago Mayor Richard Daley's Democratic machine, plus former Governor Otto Kerner (see below).

Died. Ulrike Meinhof, 41, fanatical founding mother of West Germany's Baader-Meinhof band of left-wing terrorists; in an apparent suicide by hanging in Stuttgart (see THE WORLD).

Died. Otto Kerner, 67, two-term former Democratic Governor of Illinois (1961-68) and federal judge, who was considered to be a paragon of political integrity until 1973, when he was convicted of conspiracy, mail fraud, income-tax evasion and lying to a grand jury; in Chicago. Kerner was appointed to the U.S. Court of Appeals by President Johnson in 1968. He had gained national attention that year as chairman of the President's National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders, which concluded that the U.S. was becoming an increasingly dichotomized society—one part prospering white, the other poor and black. Kerner's reputation as Illinois' Mr. Clean collapsed when a federal jury decided that, while in the statehouse, he had pushed for legislation favorable to Track-Owner Marjorie Lindeheimer Everett in return for below-market-value stock in her Chicago Thoroughbred Enterprises. He was sentenced to three years in a federal prison, but was paroled after seven months when he was found to be terminally ill.

Died. Alvar Aalto, 78, Finnish architect whose people-oriented, evocative structures ranked him among the great innovators of 20th century architecture; in Helsinki (see ART).

Died. Samuel Eliot Morison, 88, master of the historical narrative, who wrote more than 50 books chronicling American and maritime history; after a stroke; in Boston. A skilled yachtsman and popular Harvard teacher since 1915, he sailed 10,000 miles retracing the course of Columbus for his 1943 *Admiral of the Ocean Sea*, which won the first of his two Pulitzer Prizes; in World War II he served on a dozen ships (he retired a rear admiral), collecting information for his 15-volume account of U.S. naval operations in that conflict. Critics also acclaimed his two-volume *The European Discovery of America*, a work he had yearned to do all his life but did not complete until 1974.

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I HEAR AMERICA SWINGING

by PETER DE VRIES

211 pages. Little, Brown, \$7.95.

*I hear America swinging...
All free in the great freedom that
is to come, that is already
here, I declare it as I
celebrate it.*

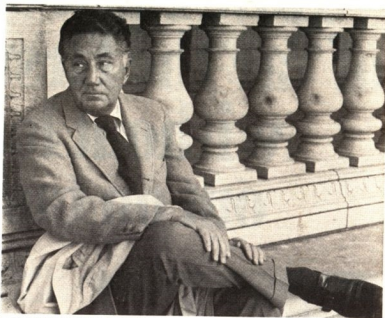
*Every man taking unto himself a
wife, no matter whose.*

*Every woman taking unto herself
a husband, no matter whose.*

—Peter De Vries, after Walt
Whitman

A terrible blight is creeping through the Iowa cornfields. "It's what they call brittle dialogue," explains Ma Sigafos, an entrepreneurial food franchiser who hawks home cooking under the brand name of Land's Sakes. "It's come from the East, and is working its way West, just like the Rocky Mountain tick coming the other way." A prize victim of this plague of sophistication is Farmer Herkimer ("Heck") Brown, Ma's son-in-law, who has taken up with a fast crowd in Middle City. Heck now wears E.E. Cummings T shirts, affects an "inner-city laugh" and argues that both monogamy and the Puritan work ethic are strictly for the crows. When Wife Hattie asks him to dust the crops, Heck quips, "Oh, the maid will dust them."

Can this ever-less meaningful relationship be saved? Bill Bumpers, a fledgling marriage counselor and self-described "victim of an intact home," tries his best. He advises Hattie and Ma to humor Heck in his plan to set up a *ménage à trois* with a local sculptress. Hattie promises her husband that Ma will not interfere: "She knows four's a crowd." But the crowd at Pretty Pass (as Heck now calls his farm) keeps growing; no sooner is someone hired to do the actual work around the place than he is seduced by the "crackle of civi-



IN NEW YORK PETER DE VRIES MOURNFULLY CONSIDERS METROPOLITAN LIFE
From "no-fault pregnancies" to the pleasures of "Oat Cuisine."

lized conversation" inside the house and becomes a bedded and bored member of the Brown commune. As identity crises follow, the fields lie fallow. Meanwhile, Bumpers worries lest his consistently ineffectual advice will brand him not just a quack but "a quack *manqué*."

In his 17th novel, Author Peter De Vries, 56, again shows that he is more than a match for the absurdities of modern life. Give him the latest fad, the most flaccidly permissive excuse for current thought, and he will top it nearly every time. With-it Protestantism? De Vries offers a minister who does impressions of movie stars from the pulpit and later throws a brunch at the "Après Church." The new amorality? He comes up with a mother who boasts that her unmarried daughter is having "one of those no-fault pregnancies." The macho style in Washington politics? "When the tough get going," De Vries notes innocently, "the going gets tough."

In fact, De Vries is regularly able to have his cake and throw it too. He impartially lampoons both home-grown ignorance and cultivated claptrap. The decline of the West is mirrored in the progress of Handyman Clem Clammdige, whom Bumpers encourages to become a "primitive" art critic for the local paper. At first, Clem's relentless know-nothingism is a great hit: "Them nude self-portraits of hers have put her behind in her work." But Clem begins reading other art critics. Soon his critiques bristle with phrases like "Countervailing polytonalities." Only De Vries would have the Gaul to refer to a feed-

and-grain store as "the Oat Cuisine." One of his irate wine customers even has "a Beaune to pick with his vintner." Who else would dare introduce a housemaid named "Beulah Land"? But he is still very much a moralist without port-folio. Neither hidebound nor skin-crazed, De Vries deplores the passive way his common yeomanry lay down their arms to the sexual revolution. Classical satire could comfortably mock those who aped their fashionable betters; De Vries works in this elitist vein, but he cannot find any fashionable elite worth aping. "This used to be a good country," Bumper snaps at one exasperated point. "Wholesome. Solid. Decent. All our best regional writers have told us that, our poets, our artists. Grant Wood..." The sentence comes girded with characteristic irony. But De Vries' plague on both the leaders and the led is clear enough. One of Ma Sigafos' many malapropisms says it all: "A man should be greater than some of his parts."

Paul Gray

Cold War Horse

THE CANFIELD DECISION

by SPIRO T. AGNEW

344 pages. Playboy Press, \$8.95.

In the age of Roman *gravitas*, public men in disgrace fell upon their swords. Today they fall upon their pens. Such impalings have been especially popular and profitable for the resigned, the indicted and the convicted of the Nixon Administration. Publishers were

BOOKS

quick to confer guilt by association upon men like John Dean, Jeb Stuart Magruder and Charles Colson. Next to come is John Ehrlichman, who dropped out in some Paraguay of the mind to write a novel whose chief character is a "President Richard Monckton."

Novelist Spiro Theodore Agnew did not have Watergate to kick around. Earlier, more mundane transgressions forced his retirement from the vice presidency. He was already busy building a new career as an international businessman when the lives of his former Government colleagues started to fall dramatically apart. *The Canfield Decision* is about the destruction of a promising political career in 1983, but basically it is an old cold war horse of a novel, reminiscent of the bestsellers of the '50s and early '60s.

Agnew's projection of the next seven years is a world not unlike the present. Detente still holds. The Middle East is still a bear pit of Arab-Israeli animosity and big-power intrigue. At home, President Walter Hurley is winding up a second term of "no sudden moves, no scandals, no tricky p.r. ploys, no jet-set diplomacy."

Saints and Devils. Vice President Porter Canfield, who sorely wants to be Mr. President, seizes on the dullness in Washington as a campaign opportunity. The members of the press, he believes, are tired of tranquility. "They need the saints and devils, the people-lovers and people-haters, the honey and the venom which are the raw materials of titillating stories." Contradicting official foreign policy, Canfield publicly urges that protective U.S. nuclear missiles be supplied to Israel.

Unfortunately his scheme plays into the hands of various nationalist groups, militant Zionists, assorted terrorists and some people who are not what they seem to be. The novel's plot is complicated, although not intricate. Canfield's arrogance and pride cause moral blind spots that bring about his downfall. Agnew's characters are stiff in the joints but serviceable. The settings—Washington, Iran, the interior of Air Force Two—are described with cursory authority, while Agnew's descriptions of beautiful women are done with lingering attention to detail.

A reader's first impression might be that *The Canfield Decision* was acquired during a break-in at Allen Drury's apartment. But in fact Spiro Agnew writes better—if, as he insists, "I have unequivocally written all the novel myself." He has even offered \$25,000 to New York Post Columnist Harriet Van Horne if she can prove her suspicion that he did not write the book. In any event, the novel's action—which includes brutal multiple murders and an anticlimactic missile crisis—has less energy than the rancorous opinions that stream from the mouths of the characters. Many of these views are clearly Agnew's own, and a disproportionate

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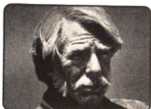
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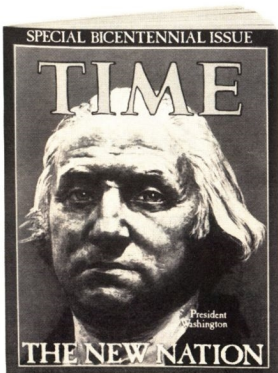
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Well, that's what we're here for. To tell you.
Isuzu is a new kind of Opel, built by Isuzu. We call it,
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do the same, if you wish.

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that it comes standard with a short throw 4-speed
transmission. And an exotic little 1817 cc
overhead cam hemi engine.

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combination, according
to EPA tests, an Opel Isuzu
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mpg in the city test. And an
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drive. Which is as you might expect.

But, gee whiz. What are we standing around with
our heads stuck under the hood for? Let's go inside.
Where the fun is.

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much simulated wood grain,
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All in all, it's one solid
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a heck of a lot of fun.

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question remains. Now
that you know what an
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you doing without an Isuzu?



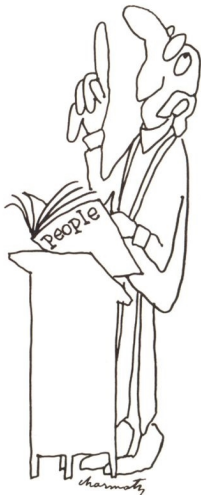
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Who for sermons
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His parish just couldn't
resist him.



People weekly

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BOOKS

number demonstrate that the former Vice President bears a chronic grudge against the press. Although *The Canfield Decision* is not a *roman à clef*, a nosy columnist named "Andy Jackerson" gets a going over. A Russian, for example, sees America in decline because "the country is under attack by professional critics with an unlimited supply of ink and microphones." Such a thing could not happen in the Soviet Union. If the author is a bit envious, it is understandable.

R. Z. Sheppard

NANCY CRAMPTON



NOVELIST STANLEY ELKIN

A Poet of Profit and Loss

THE FRANCHISER

by STANLEY ELKIN

342 pages. Farrar, Straus & Giroux.
\$8.95.

Stanley Elkin is one of the perennial bridesmaids of American fiction. Part of the problem is that the styles Elkin employs are beginning to show their age. His prose is creased by the crow's-foot of '50s black humor, it shows the slight stoop of Jewish realism and the weird droop of the surreal as well. There is no denying, though, that when Elkin puts them together—as he did in *Boswell*, *A Bad Man*, *The Dick Gibson Show* and now *The Franchiser*—the results are fresh.

Elkin is a professor of English literature at Washington University in St. Louis. He writes about people caught in the heavy traffic of American life. Many of his heroes are businessmen whose urges go beyond a Cash McCall

drive for power and money. They see business as part of a cosmic magic show, an exuberant prestidigitation of goods and services. Emotions, like capital, can be risked for big gains or hoarded at little or no interest. The world, for all its misery and flyspeck existence in a galaxy of countless dead stars, is something very special. Here, for example, is Ben Flesh, "the Franchiser," on the energy crisis: "There isn't enough in the world to run the world. There *never* was. How could there be? The world is a miracle, history's and the universe's long shot. It runs uphill."

Flesh sees America closer up, as a traveling businessman constantly crisscrossing the country and sampling its incredibly juxtaposed variety. An on-the-road hero, he is a type basic not only to the American economy but to its literature as well. His story moves like his life, from one picaresque adventure to another.

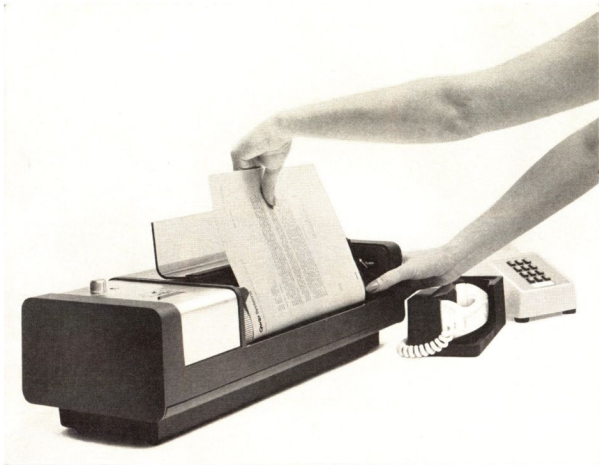
Flesh has the profile of the Indian on a nickel and a degree from the Wharton School of Finance. He is also the owner of a Fred Astaire Dance Studio, a Travel Inn, a Kentucky Fried Chicken outlet, a Cinema I, a Cinema II, a Mr. Softee ice-cream stand and a Fotomat—"a Checkpoint Charlie, a Mandelbaum Gate thing, a booth in the open center of a shopping mall."

Conscious Hero. These are the chains that bind. To Flesh they give some kind of saving shape to the amorphous idea and energy of America. As he visits these franchises in his baby-blue Cadillac, he can hear them "speaking some Esperanto of simple need." His understanding of that need turns him into a poet of profit and loss. He knows, for example, how to turn a dollar from "the jetsam set," those people who lust for cut-rate, damaged merchandise: "Bang the canned goods, put little holes in the shirttails," he tells the manager of his Railroad Salvage store. "Dent the toasters, nick the toys. Give them train wreck, give them capsize, give them totaled, head-on and what's spilled to the road from the jackknifed rig."

Flesh never does anything in a small way. When he gets sick, even his sclerosis is multiple. Characteristically, misfortune only intensifies his awareness of an America where executives carry attaché cases "like adult pencil boxes," where a trip through an automatic car wash seems like a sea storm by Joseph Conrad, where professors of English name their dogs Hemingway and stockbrokers name theirs Florida Power & Light.

Ben Flesh may be corruptible, and Author Elkin's spendthrift talent sometimes threatens to knock the bottom out of the word market entirely. But *The Franchiser* has what few novels have any more: the ability to astonish and delight and a totally conscious hero who proves that the unaudited life is not worth living.

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The Hawaiian Islands. They're on the escape route of more people these days than ever.

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Sure, Hawaii is headquarters for the tan set. But if that's all it was all about, Hawaii would be just another warming ground with ample supplies of sun, sand and balmy nights.

No, people flee here for other reasons. Like the fact that we

not, the Goddess of Fire lives here — in a bubbling volcano. Yes, you can see lava. You can also ski on the Big Island — snow skiing way up high on Mauna Kea. Colorful, too, the beaches. They're not just sand-white, there are black ones and green ones besides! The Big Island rounds off its diversity with field after field of lovely orchids. It's the favorite island of many a visitor.

Maui. Maui sprang forth from volcanic eruptions sometime during the dim, dim past. It was probably settled from Tahiti — about 750

Grand Canyon. And you've never heard the Hawaiian Wedding Song until you've heard it at the unforgettable Fern Grotto.

Molokai. They call it the Friendly Isle — and that it is. You'll discover a quiet island, one with lots of room and lots of scenery. No, there will not be a lot of people between you and the view.

Lanai. Three things make this island outstanding: pineapples, hunting and fishing. It's a beach-combers' paradise — especially with its Shipwreck Beach, where

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might have just about the happiest people-mix on earth. Come here and you'll delight in the enchanting differences offered by the Pacific's cultural heritage — from Oriental to Polynesian and all the in-betweens.

Each island is different.

Each has its devotees.

Even so, the islands have one thing in common and that's the conviviality known as the Aloha Spirit. It's here — alive and well.

Also alive and well, each and every Island. Look them over a minute. One at a time. Right here.

Hawaii. Hawaii is the name of the whole State but just one of the Islands. That's why local people call it the Big Island. Believe it or

A.D. At one time it was a Kingdom. All by itself. Back in the 1800's it was the whaling capital of the Pacific. Today the town of Lahaina has been restored in honor of the rough and ready whaler and his ships. Maui is indeed many things. Like the Seven Pools of Kipahulu. Or Hana, a remote coastal town that makes going back in time a true delight. Maui is also famous for Kaanapali Beach with its fabulous hotels, golf courses, and beaches — making it one of the world's finest resort areas.

Kauai. For lush natural greenery, visit this, the Garden Isle. They say it has more beauty than the eye can behold. One thing you can't miss is the tropical version of the

many a good and brave craft came to grief.

Oahu means the Gathering Place. It's Honolulu, Waikiki, the life of luxury and excitement, day and night. Oahu is sophisticated, part East, part West. It's bustling, a place to live it up or take it easy. Swing by night, tan by day. It's different. You'll see Buddhist Temples. And Palace grounds from the days of the monarchy. You'll see plain good old country-style environment. Just a few miles from the Jet Set setting of luxury hotels and discos.

Get yourself off to a good start in getting away to it all. Flee to Hawaii. Just ask your travel agent ...he knows.

THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS

More than a pretty place.

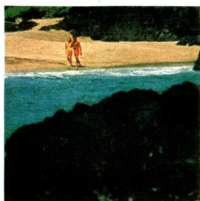
On behalf of the people of Kauai, Oahu, Maui, Molokai, Lanai and the Big Island of Hawaii.



Flee the freeways



Flee the familiar



Flee the people



Flee the Forty-nine



Flee for fun



Flee the humdrum



Flee the phone



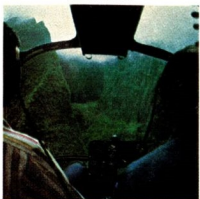
Flee the reruns



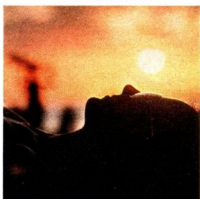
Flee the formal



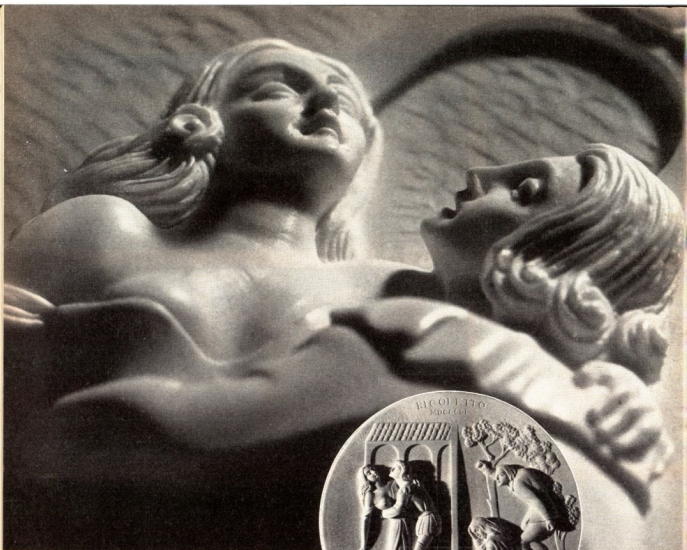
Flee the frost



Flee the flats



Flee the brrrs



Detail from "Rigoletto" by Gino Ruggeri, first plate in the La Scala Grand Opera collection



actual diameter:
21.3cm (8.5 in.)

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The Importance of Grace

THE WOMAN SAID YES: ENCOUNTERS WITH LIFE

AND DEATH

by JESSAMYN WEST

180 pages, Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, \$7.95.

Albert Camus wrote that suicide is the essential moral question of the 20th century. Author Jessamyn West, 69, has spent a good deal of her life responding to the question.

In her 20s, seriously ill with tuberculosis, she contemplated suicide. Almost 30 years later, at the bedside of her dying sister Carmen, she faced it again in another form. Both encounters are gracefully recorded in these memoirs. The longer and more compelling portion of the book is a testimony to the extraordinary courage, humor and joyful energy displayed by her sister until the very end. Depleted by cancer, Carmen decided to choose the time, place and manner of her death. "Cancer was going to kill her," Jessamyn recalls. "She planned to be asleep before that happened." Jessamyn kept watch. Until the moment the sleeping pills worked, she had doubts that the scheme would succeed. Neither sister had doubts about its morality.

Quaker Meetings. The resolve necessary for such an act apparently derived from their mother, Grace, who once nursed Jessamyn when the author was gravely ill. At the time Jessamyn was 28 years old, married and about to receive her Ph.D. She found that she had tuberculosis and was rushed to a sanatorium. Two years later, about 1937, she was sent home to die. Grace had other ideas. Recovery was plainly harrowing: "I could not live in either the past which was past, or the present from which I was locked away," Jessamyn remembers and describes with some retrospective amusement her plans for exchanging "bed rest for something more everlasting." (She even thought of climbing into the bath and pulling an electric heater in after her.)

Grace nursed Jessamyn's body but could do nothing about her gloomy and exhausted spirit until she hit upon the idea of reconstructing her Quaker heritage for her daughter. "Grace gave me southern Indiana," writes Jessamyn, recalling how day after day for a year and a half her mother told her stories about courtship and farming, blizzards and Quaker meetings. "There was no pain there for me. It was nothing I once possessed and had lost; it was not a future forbidden to me." And so she was slowly wooed back to life. Eventually, she even turned her mother's gift into her own response to extinction—her writing, which celebrates the Quaker reverence for life. The Hoosier tales she published over the next several years turned out to be a beloved bestseller called *The Friendly Persuasion*.

Angela Wigen

Banff National Park, Alberta, Canada



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